

PN 4201

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Elocutionary Reader

and

Graded Recitations



- - BY - -

BYRON W. KING

A. M., Ph. D.

*President School of Oratory
Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa.*



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The Foreword

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These Lessons embody Laws of Health-Culture and Expression. They are plain, practical and scientific. They have been tried and retried and the results proclaim their truth. They will not strain or fatigue voice or body, but will give development, culture and control of physical and mental power. The first step toward Expression is Impression, then, reflection, emotion, clear conceptions; then, action, utterance and the power of speech.

Here are poems that throb with life. They flow in rhythmic melodies and are replete with living thoughts and glowing sentiments. They reveal the Art of beautiful Language,—the warp and woof of Intellect and Feeling woven into delicate compositions in the mysterious loom of the unsleeping soul. They are full of life, action and purpose and point to high ideals and strong endeavor.

Poems are mosaic language where ideas, thoughts, figures of speech are cunningly set in fitting words that gleam and glow with color, life and beauty.

Learn these poems, repeat them, recite them aloud again and again, and they will remain in your memory, and when you are old they will come to you in lonely hours, filling the haunted chambers of the soul with these old poets' rhymes.

"Then read from the treasured volume

The poem of thy choice,

And lend to the rhyme of the poet

The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,

And the cares that infest the day

Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,

And as silently steal away."

Sincerely,

BYRON W. KING,
School of Speech Arts,
Mt. Oliver, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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LESSON NO. 1

Science and Art of Expression

TO BE EXPRESSED. 1. Thoughts. 2. Emotions. 3. Determinations or Will Energies.

MEANS OF EXPRESSION. 1. Action or Gesture. 2. Voice and Vocality. 3. Words or Articulate Language.

Repeat each of these three sentences several times.

1. *The sum of the three included angles of a triangle equals two right angles.*

2. *O, the long and dreary winter!*
O, the cold and cruel winter.

3. *I shall never permit it! Never, never while life shall last.* Notice how the voice changes with the different sentences.

No. 1. The voice is light and well forward to the tips of the teeth. You can speak it rapidly, for we *think quickly*.

No. 2. The voice grows deeper and the words come more and more slowly. We *feel slowly*.

No. 3. Clench the hands, stand firmly, hold the jaw firm. We express objective will power with our *muscles*.

PHRASING AND GROUPING OF WORDS.

Pronounce these words:

1. *Impetuously; Indispensible; Intensively; Untimely; Kingdom; Unkindest.*

Put all the power you can upon the consonant of each accented syllable. Make each *p*, *t* and *k* very strong. Now pronounce these phrases:—

1. *For life, for liberty and independence.* (Make three words of the phrases.)

2. *The Lightning's flash.* (one word.)

3. *A horse! A horse! My Kingdom for a horse.* (Three words and the K of Kingdom very strong.)

4. *In joy, in sorrow, in life, in death, thy hope shall live, shall live forever.* (Six words.)

In all speech, we must group the words and each group must be pronounced as *one word*.

LESSON NO. 2

Positions and Breathing Exercises

1.—POSITION. Stand well erect, your full height; head up, eyes level and well open. Keep weight on balls of the feet, right foot advanced, bearing three-fourths of the weight. Hold position 30 seconds, without breathing, winking or moving the eyes.

2.—Take a very quick breath, but do not move the chest or shoulders—*keep them motionless*. Now, take three steps forward, holding breath and keeping head up and eyes fixed. Take another breath, take three steps backward. Do not bend the knee in stepping.

3.—Take breath and walk six steps forward. Breathe and retreat six steps. Do not move shoulders or chest; do not bend the knees in stepping.

4.—Stand in Position No. 1. Take a book or box, any square or cubical object, place it upon the head. Now take a full breath as in No. 2, keep the weight balanced without holding or touching it with your hands. Now walk as in No. 3 and see that the weight is kept balanced. (If you cannot walk without holding this weight, you are lame.)

Pronounce these sentences:

1.—*Arm, Arm, Arm!—the enemy is near!*

2.—*The ocean—old, centuries old, paces—restless, to and fro—and far—and wide,—his beard of snow, heaves, with the heaving of his breast.*

3.—The *roar*—and *crash*,—the *lightning's* flash,—the *moaning* of the purple *flood*; the *power*—and *wrath*—that *swept* his path, and left his garments—dyed with *blood*.

Prolong all *a's* and *o's* in the emphatic words. Cut short and quick all the *e's* and *i's*.

All open vowels may be prolonged. All closed vowels cannot be prolonged. A and O are open vowels. E and I are closed vowels. U is sometimes long. Double vowels and diphthongs are usually long.

Each idea requires a pause. The first step in speech and reading is *phrasing*

LESSON NO. 3

Phrase Enunciation

Repeat many times these examples. Pronounce each thought as one word and *vibrate* each vowel.

1. The breaking *waves*—dashed *high*,
On a *stern* and *rock-bound* coast,
And the *woods*—against a *stormy* sky
Their giant *branches*—tossed.

And the heavy *night*—hung *dark*
The *hills* and *waters* o'er
When a band of *exiles*—moored their *bark*
On the wild *New England* shore.

What sought they thus—afar?
Bright *jewels* of the *mine*?
The wealth of *seas*? The spoils of *war*?
They sought a *Faith's* pure shrine.

Make each sound, each syllable, each word vibrant.

2. Then, out spake brave Horatius,
The captain of the gate:—
“To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh, soon or late!

And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers,
 For the temples of his gods!

Be sure to phrase carefully. Conjunctions require pauses usually if they connect phrases and sentences.

LOVE

A restless thing—is the *wind*,
 But, its *strength*—is *mightier*—far
 Than a phalanx'd host—in *battle* line,
 Than the limbs of a *Sampson* are.

And, a *restless* thing—is *Love*,
 And a name—that *vanisheth*;
 But, her strength—is the *wind's* wild strength—*above*,
 For, she conquers *shame*—and *death*.

LESSON NO. 4

Fill lungs as before. Be careful not to lift the shoulders. Now, raise the chin, turning the head back as far as possible, hold it there for an instant and firmly, gradually, bring it forward until the chin presses firmly upon the breast. Try it several times. This will redden the neck and if there is a sore spot, you will find it.

Phrase and read the following many times:

1. I want free *life* and I want fresh *air*,
 And I *sigh* for the canter after the *cattle*!
 The crack of *whips*, like *shots* in the *battle*!
 The melee of *horns* and *hoofs* and *heads*,
 That *wars* and *wrangles* and *scatters* and *spreads*,
 The *green* beneath, the *blue* above,
 And *joy* and *laughter* and *life* and *love*
 And *Lasca*!

Note.—Prolong all open vowels, especially the emphatic ones, and give quickly all close vowels.

2.—*Farewell!* A long farewell to all my greatness! This is the state of man! Today, he puts forth the tender leaves of hope; tomorrow—blossoms and bears his blushing honors—thick upon him; the third day comes a frost, a chilling frost and when he thinks, good, easy man—his glory is a-ripening, nips his root and then he falls, as I do.

Read this slowly, firmly. Stand erect; keep body firm, voice strong.

But—*whatever*—may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this Declaration—will stand. It may cost treasure,—and—it may cost blood; but—it will stand, and—it will richly compensate— for both. Through the thick gloom—of the present,—I see the brightness—of the future—as the sun in heaven. We shall make this—a glorious,—an immortal day. When we are in our graves—our children—will honor it. They will celebrate it—with thanksgiving, with festivity,—with bonfires,—and illuminations. On its annual return—they will shed tears,—copious, gushing tears,—not of subjection and slavery,—not of agony and distress, but—of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir,—before God,—I believe—the hour is come. My judgement—approves this measure, and—my whole heart is in it. All that I have,—and all that I am—and—all that I hope—in this life,—I am—now—ready—here to stake upon it; and—I leave off, as I began, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the Declaration. It is my living sentiment,—and—by the blessing of God—it shall be my dying sentiment—*independence now; and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!*”

LESSON NO. 5

Pauses. Each new idea must have a pause. Emotions, sometimes, require us to pause after each word. Then, when we join ideas, the conjunctions often require pauses.

We must pause before and after each *quotation*.

We must pause for each *simile* and *metaphor*.

We must pause for words transposed, or out of the regular order.

We must pause after verbs of *hearing* and *seeing* when the object seen or heard is *unusual* or the description lengthy.

We must pause for all great, all unusual ideas, and for all words of double meaning or used or in an extraordinary manner.

Read the following sentences and give reasons for all pauses:

1. There is a tide—in the affairs of men,—
Which,—taken at its flood,—leads on to fortune;—
Omitted,—all the voyage of their life—
Is bound in shallows—and—in miseries:
And—we must take the current when it runs,
Or—lose our ventures.
2. A more glorious victory,—cannot be gained over
another man—than this, that—when the injury began
on *his* part, the kindness—should begin on ours.
3. Full many a gem—of purest ray serene,—
The dark,—unfathomed caves—of ocean bear;
Full many a flower—is born—to blush unseen,—
And waste its sweetness—on the desert air.
4. Lives of great men—all—remind us
We—can make our lives—sublime,
And,—departing,—leave behind us—
Footprints—on the sands of time.
5. But—his little daughter—whispered,—
As she took his icy hand,—
“Isn’t God—upon the ocean—
Just the same—as on the land?”

6. Or whispering—with white lips:—"The foe!—they come!—they come!"

7. But—to the hero,—when his sword—
Has won the battle—for the free,—
Thy voice—sounds—like a prophet's word,
And—in its hollow tones—are heard
The thanks of millions—yet to be.

8. O thou—Eternal One! whose presence bright—
All space—doth occupy,—all motion—guide;—
Unchanged — through time's — all-devastating
flight;
Thou—only—God!— There—is—no—God—be-
side;—

LESSON NO. 6

Standing and Walking

POSITION

Stand well erect, feet at right angles, right heel at instep of left foot. Poise weight well forward, on balls of both feet. Keep both knees straight; the back curved in and the waist firm. Hold chest well up; chin raised and eyes on the level.

Caution: Except in *character* work, keep the line of the forward foot toward the instep of the rear foot. Do not practice with heels together. It is poor position and leads to bad habits. Keep weight on balls of feet.

CHANGE POSITION BACKWARD

Take step with right foot backward, but 45 degrees to the right. Bring left foot to instep of right foot. Do not step directly backward, but indirectly and to the right. If you step directly backward, you will appear to grow shorter and you will not secure a good position with the feet. If you wish to impersonate a clown or some other comedy character, step directly backward.

Second Step. Step with left foot indirectly back-

ward to the left; bring right foot toward the instep of left foot.

Practice these steps until you can make them easily and firmly.

Caution. Do not allow either knee to bend in this exercise. If the knee bends slightly, you will seem to "bob" in your movements.

Observation. The more nearly the lines of the feet form a right angle, the stronger will be your position and the more confidence you will feel. As the angle of the feet lessens and tends toward parallel lines, the weaker is your attitude and the less assurance you will have.

Observation. 2. The advanced foot need not be drawn close to, or in contact with the other foot at the instep. It must keep the right angle line and may be advanced on this line several inches from the other foot. This will strengthen your attitude. Therefore, observe *three things*: 1. *Feet, Right Angles*, 2. *Knees, unbent*, 3. *Forward foot advanced on right angle line*.

In all exercises maintain proper position and attitude. In this way it will become a habit, and lead you back to nature.

LESSON NO. 7

Deep Breathing Exercises

1.—Stand well erect,—very tall. See that the back is well curved. Now fill the lungs by expanding the waist and walk. At each step, try to take in more air,—more! more! more! Take six, eight or ten steps.

2.—Stand well erect. Fill the lungs at the waist. Place your hands at the sides and bend slowly right and left. At each bending, try to draw in more breath. After six bendings, rest and then repeat.

3.—Take a full breath—do not lift the shoulders. Prolong oo just as long as you can. Now, make the sound of oo as you fill the lungs,—fill them slowly and gradually.

4.—Prolong A as in *arm* a———Prolong it 30 seconds, 40 seconds, one minute. Time it each trial and practice until you can prolong it two minutes or more. Now, try to make this sound by drawing in the breath. At first, you will only whisper it but, by and by, you can get it *vocal*.

Try O in the same way.

Read the following and pronounce each phrase as one word.

The *world* for sale! Hang out the sign!
Call *every* traveler here—to *me*!
Who'll buy this brave estate of mine
And set me from earth's bondage *free*?
'Tis *going*! Yes, I mean to *fling*
This bauble from my soul *away*!
I'll *sell* it, *whatsoe're* it bring!
The *world* at auction here *to-day*!
It is a *glorious* thing to see!
Ah, it has cheated me so *sore*!
It is *not*—what it *seems* to be;—
For *sale*! It shall be mine *no more*!
Fame! Hold the glittering meteor *high*!
How *dazzling* every gilded name!
Ye *millions*, *now's* the time to buy!
How *much* for fame! How much for *fame*!
Hear how it *thunders*! Would you stand
On high *Olympus*, far-*renowned*?
Then, *purchase*, and a *world* command,
And—be with a world's *curses* crowned!

LESSON NO. 8

Voice and Tone Vibration

The wealth of Voice is Vibration. Get this, and all the lower teeth.

1.—Stand erect, before a looking-glass. Hold the jaw firm, with the teeth slightly separated. Pronounce the word *say* several times. See that you can see the tips of the lower teeth. Do not move the jaw. You will feel the teeth vibrate with the sound.

2.—Pronounce slowly and very firmly each word of the following phrases and direct the tones to the *tips of the lower teeth*.

- a. *They may say, away, away, away!*
- b. *Sages vanish with the ages.*
- c. *And they shall see his great salvation.*
- d. *Ladies and gentlemen, I call attention to this proclamation: "Peace, peace on earth, good will to men!" See that every vowel rings clear and vibrant. Each sound must strike the teeth and you must feel the vibration.*

FINISHED

My work is *finished*; I am *strong*
 In *faith*, and *hope*, and *charity*;
 For I have written things I *see*.
 The things that *have been*—and *shall be*.
 Conscious of *right*, nor fearing *wrong*;
 Because I am in love with *Love*,
 And the *sole* thing I hate—is *Hate*;
 For Hate is *death*; and Love is *life*.
 A *peace*, a *splendor*—from *above*;
 And Hate—a *never-ending strife*,
 A *smoke*, a *cloud*—from the *abyss*
 Where unclean *serpents*—coil— and *hiss*!
 Love—is the *Holy Ghost*—within.
 Hate—the *unpardonable sin*!
 Who preaches *otherwise* than this
 Betrays his *Master*—with a *kiss*.
—Longfellow.

LESSON NO. 9

BREATHING

1. Stand well erect. Place hands against waist, thumbs backward, fingers to front. Keep lips closed. Give a quick gasp, forcing the waist outward.

Do not move shoulders or chest; keep head, neck and chest motionless—all the action must be at the waist.

2. *Costal Breathing.* Try again and have the hands move outward at the sides. Keep the mind centered on the sides and you can do it.

3. *Dorsal Breathing.* Place the hands on the back well down and breathe again. See that you cause the muscles of the back to expand outward.

Repeat each exercise several times.

4. *Deep-Full Breathing.* Give a firm, quick gasp and force the waist outward in front, at sides and at back.

Hold the breath several seconds.

5. Take breath in same way and hold it while you walk several steps.

Practice this until you can walk with waist firm and pressing outward. When you have mastered this exercise, you will have formed the habit of deep breathing.

WORTH WHILE

Phrase and read this poem. Take breath after each phrase.

True worth—is in being,—not seeming,
In doing—each day that goes by—
Some little good;—not—in dreaming
Of great things to do bye and bye.—
No matter—what one says in fancy,—
And—in spite of the follies of youth—
There's nothing—so kindly as kindness—
And nothing so royal—as truth.
We cannot make bargains for blisses,
Nor catch them like fishes in nets,
And sometimes the thing our life misses
Helps more than the things which it gets.
For good lieth not in pursuing,
Nor gaining of most, or all,
But just in the being and doing
As we would be done by, is all.

LESSON NO. 10

6. *Quick Breathing.* Place hands at waist at the sides, keep them relaxed. Now breathe quickly and clench the hands tightly at the same instant.

Try again and take a quick step forward as if starting to run.

7. *Walking and Breathing.* Keep knees firm and step to the right, taking breath same as in Exercise 6. Step to left in same manner.

Now walk forward slowly and with firm step, placing the advancing foot toe-first, heel turned well inward, and just as the weight comes on forward foot, breathe as in 6. Keep body erect, eyes fixed on level.

Now walk again, and take the breath at each second step. Try again, six steps to one breath.

Try the same exercise as you go upstairs. You will observe that you get rid of your weight. /

EVENING BELLS

John B. Goff, the great orator, said: "Practice 'bell tones'; they will give the voice clearness, vibration, music and power."

Pronounce "**Toll**," making the "T" hard and "O" deep and prolong the "l." When we give a bell stroke, there is a long, diminishing vibration. This sound can be made on "l, m, n, r." The "bell tones" must be heard throughout the entire poem.

Those evening bells! Those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home, and that sweet time,
When first I heard their pleasing chime!

Those happy hours have passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

And so 'twill be when I am gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on!
While other bards will walk these dells
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

—Tom Moore.

LESSON NO. 11

Depth and Fullness of Tone

1.—Pronounce *A* as in *Age* several times. Be sure it vibrates from the tips of the lower teeth.

2.—Pronounce *Lay, Lay, Lay*, making the *L* very strong, but do not move the jaw. Repeat many times.

3.—Prolong the sound of *A*, and as you do so gradually round the lips to the shape of *O*, projecting them as far as possible. The sound will deepen and become like *oo*, but you keep it as near *A* as in *Age* as you can. Repeat many times.

4.—Now, while you do the previous exercises, gradually raise the head, carrying it back as far as possible. Do not jerk or make a quick movement. You will feel the throat open and the tone will deepen.

5.—Repeat the last exercise and while the head is raised high, the lips rounded well and projected, try hard to *swallow the sound*. Do not stop making the tone—keep it going. Work hard at it, for it will give a deep, sonorous tone and the exercise cannot hurt the throat.

6.—Raise the head in the same way as you say *No*, making the *N* very firmly.

Read the following:

Out of the *north*—the wild *news* came,
Far-flashing.—on its wings of *flame*,
Swift as the *Boreal* light—that flies,
At *midnight*,—through the startled skies!
And, there was tumult—in the air.
The *fife's* shrill note, the *drum's* loud beat,
And through the wide land, *everywhere*,
The answering tread of hurrying *feet*.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the great world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
 And the heart but one;
 Yet the light of a whole life dies
 When love is done.

Pause after you introduce a new idea if it is important.

LESSON NO. 12

Objective and Subjective Tones

Take the exercises of Lesson 11. Make them as if calling them to some one 200 feet from you. Now as if to some one 600 feet away. Now make them as if *drawing* them to you from some point 200 feet away. Now as if from 600 feet away. *A good speaker always draws the sound to him*, except in comedy or negative emotions. Use these sentences as in the exercises, first calling to a distance, then drawing them.

- 1.—All are scattered now and fled.
- 2.—I sing the songs of the vanquished.
- 3.—Art is long and time is fleeting.

The quality of *mercy*—is *not strained*;
 It *droppeth*—as the gentle *rain*—from *heaven*
 Upon the place *beneath*; it is *twice* blessed;
 It *blesseth* him that *gives*, and him that *takes*:
 'Tis *mightiest* in the *mightiest*; it becomes
 The throned *monarch*—*better* than his *crown*;
 His *sceptre*—shows the force of *temporal* power—
 The attribute to *awe*—and *majesty*.
 Wherein doth sit the *dread* and *fear* of kings;
 But—*mercy* is *above* this *sceptered* sway;
 It is enthroned in the *hearts* of kings,
 It is an attribute to *God*—*himself*;
 And *earthly* power—doth then show *likest* God's,
 When *mercy*—season's justice. Therefore,
 Though *justice* be thy plea, consider *this*—
 That,—in the course of *justice*, none of us
 Should see *salvation*: we do *pray*—for *mercy*.

And—that *same* prayer doth *teach* us—all—to render
The *deeds* of mercy.

Be sure each phrase is uttered as the unit of speech. Each idea requires a pause, an inflection, and an emphatic accent.

Remember, the number of pauses will depend upon your own interpretation—only a few are marked in each selection.

LESSON NO. 13

10. *Muscular Breathing.* Relax all muscles of body. Keep feet firm, toes well out, arms at sides. Breathe as in 9, but as you breathe, contract all the muscles of body. Keep feet firm on floor, draw yourself to fullest height, contract muscles of ankles, limbs, waist, neck, turning head backward, clench hands firmly and turn the hands outward from body. Do all this gradually until you have the utmost tension of all parts of body, and have filled the lungs to their fullest capacity. Hold several seconds, then suddenly relax all muscles and exhale air.

11. *M Breathing.* Close the lips firmly. Make an aspirate m sound by inhaling through the nostrils. Make it three times and at each sound strike the waist muscles outward more firmly each time, the last stroke very strong. Make it like the count of one, two, three. Try again, and with four strokes. Again with six strokes. Be sure you strike more firmly as you mentally count and put all the force you can into the last stroke.

12. *Vocal Inhalation.* (a) Pronounce *a, e, i, o, u*, with quick indrawn breath. The sounds will be only whispers at first, but will become sub-vocal after some practice, and then vocal. Pronounce them singly like a gasp, and see the waist moves outward with each effort.

(b) Now prolong each sound. See that they are indrawn.

(c) Put *sh* before each vowel, as *sha, she, shi, sho*,

shu. Pronounce them singly first, then all in one inhalation.

Repeat with indrawn aspiration these sentences :

1. *Wait! Silence! Not a step, not a word.*
2. *A whisper, a breath—all is over!*

This whispered sound will be heard distinctly in the largest building. It requires practice, but it will repay all effort.

LESSON NO. 14

1. *Bronchial Expansion.* Fill the lungs as in Lesson 9. Take in plenty of air. Close the lips firmly and allow no breath to escape. Throw the head firmly back and draw in the waist, forcing the air of the lower part of the lungs into the bronchial tubes. Hold for several seconds. This exercise will bring the blood into your neck and face, but if done slowly and firmly it can do no harm. Do not hold it until it makes you dizzy.

2. *Full Inspiration.* Begin a breath with lips slightly parted, making a sound somewhat like an "s" or "sh"; then when the lungs seem full, close the lips firmly and breath through the nostrils with sound of "m-m-m." Take in fullest capacity of lungs.

3. *Breath Retention.* Breathe as in exercise 1, and hold breath while you walk or do the exercises in No. 10. The air in your lungs will expand as it becomes warm and thus enlarge the lung cells.

Articulation and Precision

Pronounce the following and hold the final consonant long and firm.

- 1.—Ake, eek, ike, ok, ook, ik, oik.
- 2.—Ape, eep, ipe, ope, oop, ip, oip.
- 3.—Ate, eat, ite, oat, oot, it, oit.
- 4.—Kake, keek, kike, koke, kik.
- 5.—Pape, peep, pipe, pope, pip.
- 6.—Tate, teet, tite, tote, toot.

Make open and closing consonants very firmly,—hold them well. Now pronounce each word of the following sentences as if to some one 200 feet away and be sure he hears each individual sound.

- 1.—The crash of matter and the wreck of worlds.
- 2.—Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.
- 3.—All excellence demandeth skill.
- 4.—The hills, rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun.
- 5.—Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.
- 6.—Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern, then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the Spirit unto God who gave it.

LESSON NO. 15

A *modulated voice* should change to express the varied ideas. It need not imitate the sound, but should harmonize with it. Thus, if we speak of “tolling bells,” of “whispering winds,” of “murmuring ocean,” of “pattering rain drops,” of “crash and roar and dash of spray,” the voice should suggest all these ideas by changes of pitch, volume and power. Great ideas of material things demand deeper, fuller tones. Thus, the brook *ripples*, the river *murmurs*, the deep-sounding ocean *roars*. In this selection, the tones must be full, deep and well blent. Keep the throat well open and make pauses long,—go slowly.

THE OCEAN

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,

There is a rapture on the lonely shore.

There is society, where none intrudes.

By the deep sea and music in its roar.

I love not man the less but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal

From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain.
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, unconfined and unknown.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee;—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles onward; from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers,—they to me
Were a delight; and, if the freshening sea
Made them a terror, 'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was, as it were, a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.
—George Gordon Byron.

LESSON NO. 16

Exercise for Vibration

1.—Part lips slightly, as if smiling, and hold jaw still and repeat:—a-a-a, e-e-e i-i-i.

This sound must ring clearly from the tips of the teeth.

2.—Repeat: They say a way may be made this day.

3.—Awake; awake! ring the alarm bell!

4.—Ladies and gentlemen, there may be many with us this day, in ignorance of our plans.

5.—In the deep silence of the night, the far-off bells rang sweet and clear.

6.—We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal. That they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

7.—Rejoice, you men of Angiers! Ring your bells! King John, your King and England's, doth approach! Open your gates and give the victors way.

Obs. Every sound must be clear; every letter heard. Each vowel must ring clear, clean-cut and vibrant from the tips of the teeth—the lower teeth. Practice each sentence many times. In all exercises, keep the waist muscles pressing outward as you make the tones.

Now, repeat the lines of Tennyson's exquisite poem, and if you miss or mar a single letter, count it a failure. Make each vocal sound as clear and as sympathetic as the note of a violin.

CROSSING THE BAR

Twilight and evening star!
And one clear call for me!
And, may there be no moaning of the bar
When I put out to sea!

But, such a tide, as moving,
Seems asleep!
Too full for sound or foam,
When that which drew from
Out the boundless deep,
Returns again, home.

Twilight and evening bell!
And after that, the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell
When I embark.

For, though, from out this bourne
Of Time and Space
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot, face to face,
When I have crossed the bar!

LESSON NO. 17

5. *Chest Expansion.* (a) Begin as in exercise 13, and continue breathing until the chest is fully expanded by the inflation of the lungs. Now throw the shoulders well back and with the chest forward and upward, the waist firm, walk ten, twenty or thirty steps. Repeat several times.

(b) Fill the lungs same as before, then clasp hands above the head and bend to right and left firmly several times, allowing no breath to escape.

(c) Fill lungs as before, lifting chest well, high as you can, now clench the hands firmly, and keeping the arms straight, raise them parallel and bring them up high as the face, then on up, high as you can reach, and down backward with slow, regular movement and keep them as nearly parallel as possible. Do not make any quick, jerky movements.

(d) Fill lungs as before, keep arms at side, fully extended, clench the hands and swing arms backward, keeping them as nearly parallel as possible. While you do this, bend the body forward, until the top of the head is turned toward the toes. Keep the knees firm and allow no breath to escape. Still holding the breath, raise body and bend backward far as possible. Turn the head backward also, until you can see the wall back of you and bring the arms slowly up in two great parallel circles. Do this slowly and firmly.

These exercises will develop the chest and force the air into all closed or unused cells of the lungs.

Gymnastics for Vocal Organs

I wish to bring a full and fresh supply of blood to the neck and flush all the speech organs.

1.—Take a very full breath, shut the jaw firmly. Now, holding this full breath, slowly, firmly turn the head to the left until the chin is over the shoulder, then turn the head to the right in like manner. Be sure you do not jerk the head. Repeat several times.

LESSON NO. 18

INDEPENDENCE BELL

There was tumult, in the city,
In that quaint, old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing, restless, up and down,
People gathering at the corners,
Where, they whispered, each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With earnestness of speech.

Obs. Stop for each new idea, also for each idea repeated for new meaning; also for conjunctions, if they connect sentences or several former ideas with what follows.

Obs. 2. Listen before, and while you speak each idea of sound; look, look hard, when you speak ideas of sight.

Obs. 3. Remember, gesture starts with mind impulses. When you hear the sounds, that is the real gesture. After a time, head, hands and the entire body will respond to these mind impulses and they will complete the gesture action. Gesture is much more of the mind than of the body. To think, to hear, to feel clearly and intensely, is the soul impulse, or mind gesture.

All ideas for utterance, must first *impress* the speaker, after the deep impressions we can have the *expression*.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"

"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"

"What of Adams?" "What of Sherman?"

"O, God grant they won't refuse!"

"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"

"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!"

When a nation's life's at hazard,

We've no time to think of men!"

Obs. Can you see this thing? Can you see the individual faces and hear the voices? Some will only whisper; some will shout; some are being crushed and trampled. One, maybe, is at your right, another far down in front, still another, almost beneath your feet. See all, hear all and then express vividly what you hear and see.

As the bleak Atlantic currents

Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,

So they surged against the State House,

So they beat against the door,

And the mingling of their voices

Made a harmony profound

'Till the quiet street of Chestnut

Was all turbulent with sound.

So, they surged against the State House,

While all solemnly inside,

Sat the Continental Congress,

Truth and reason for their guide,

O'er a simple scroll debating,

Which, though simple it might be,

Still would shake the cliffs of England,

With the thunders of the free.

Far aloft in that high steeple,

Sat the bellman, old and grey,

He was weary of the tyrant

And his iron-sceptered sway.

So, he sat, his one hand ready

On the clapper of the bell,

'Till his eye could catch the signal,

The long-expected news to tell.

Obs. Be alert! Pauses are quick. You must catch the eagerness of the old man and the crowd.

See! see! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthening line,
As the boy, beside the portal
Hastens forth to give the sign!
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark, with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air,
Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
While the boy cries joyously:
"Ring!" he shouts. "Ring; Grandpapa
Ring, O ring for Liberty!"
Quickly at the given signal
That old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news,
Making iron music through the land.

How they shouted; what rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air;
'Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
The calmly gliding Delaware.
That old State House bell is silent,
Hushed is now its clamorous tongue,
But the spirit it awakened,
Still is living, ever young.
And, when we greet the smiling sunlight,
On the fourth of each July,
Let us not forget the bellman,
Who betwixt the earth and sky
Rang out loudly, "Independence,"
Which, please God, shall never die!

Obs. Listen to the bell as to an organ or piano. Let your voice keep measure and melody of the bell.

Point out all objects and keep your attention upon them. See and make the audience see; listen and make them hear every sound.

Obs. 1. To express ideas of great things, of profound things, we must go slowly, giving longer pauses and more time to all open vowels, and also work to lower tones of pitch.

Obs. 2. Always pause before a simile. Do not utter the words until your mind fully comprehends the idea and has received strong impression; then give your expression.

LESSON NO. 19

Voice, Drill and Practice

Practice the following exercises three times a day, two minutes each time.

1.—*a, a, a; e, e, e; i, i, i; o, o, o; u, u, u; oo, oo, oo.* Keep jaw firm, separate teeth from one-eighth to one-half inch, keep waist firm and force the waist *outward* as you make the sound.

2.—*La, La; Lee, Lee; Lo, Lo; Lu, Lu; Loo.* Make *L* very hard; do not move jaw.

3.—*No, no; nee, nee; ni, ni; noo, noo.* Make *N* long and hard; move jaw as little as possible.

3.—*Now, now, now, now.* Make this slowly and firmly and prolong it more and more.

4.—*Now you lay low, lay low now.* Make this line one word—one long word.

Lung Bath. Round the lips and project them. Throw the head far back until the face is parallel with the ceiling. Extend the arms fully and throw them back as far as possible. Bend back well in and just as you do all these things, draw through the lips as if through a tube, all the air you can until the lungs are flushed, filled, crowded with air. As you draw in the air make the sound of “o-o-o.” Hold for an instant and exhale suddenly with sound of “hoo,” at the same instant bring arms to side, head forward to normal position. Repeat six times.

Registers and Contrasts of Voice

Repeat this sentence pleasantly and smilingly as to a group of children.

1.—*'Tis only a little story of a little love and tears.*

Keep voice light and pleasant. Now make this one deep and serious.

2.—*Because, man goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the street.*

3.—*And deeper than the sound of seas,
More soft than falling flake;
While angels hushed their songs to hear
The voice Eternal spake.*

4.—Here, the sunshine; there, the storm. Here the cradle; there, the tomb.

LESSON NO. 20

The poem, "The Bells," requires all powers of the voice in pitch, intonation, contrast and force. The *first* part is *upper register*, light, clear, rapid and vibrant. The *second* part must be *middle register*, soft, musical, like a chime of beautiful bells. The *third* part is a combination of middle and low registers, harsh, dissonant and terrifying. The last part is *low register*, slow, solemn and mournful.

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

1. Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
 Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

3. Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,
 With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavor,

Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

4. Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells. bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.



RECITATIONS FOR THIRD AND FOURTH GRADES

A-WONDERING OF HOME FOLKS

BYRON W. KING

This is supposed to be an old man speaking, dreaming
a day dream of home.

Just a-wondering,—if they're thinking—of a pilgrim
far away.

Just a-wondering—if it's lonesome—in that little home
today!

Just a-wondering—if when morning—in at the door
and window slips,

And the bright eyes wake from slumber, if my name is
on their lips!

Just a-wondering—if when evening—hides the earth in
shadows dim,

If they speak the name of "Daddy," hungering just a
bit for him!

Just a-wondering—if the Junior ever halts his merry
laugh,

When his earnest, wistful vision strikes his old Dad's
"fortograph!"

Just a-wondering if my daughter, growing into woman-
hood,

Might forget her plain old father for some wooden-
headed dude!

Just a-wondering if the youngest might forget my good-
bye kiss

And the big, rough hands that trembled with her little
ones in his!

Just a-wondering 'till a heartache creeps up here inside
my vest,
And my eyes hurt with the shadows that are creepin'
'cross the west.
Just a-wondering—No, I'm certain there is one who
don't forget!
One whose thoughts are ever with me like great stars
that never set!
One whose prayers go on before me, lighting all the
shadowy deeps;
One who doubly joys in my joy, at my sorrow doubly
weeps,
So, I softly say, "God bless 'em!" say it while my eyes
are dim;
Daddy thinks a lot of home folks, and he knows they
think of him!

THE EASIEST WAY

All negative ideas take rising inflections. All ideas
of what you dislike or disapprove must have rising in-
flection. Inflection is our mark of approval or dislike.

The easiest way—doesn't lead to fame,
The easiest way—doesn't lead to rest.
The easiest way—doesn't win the game,
For—often—the hardest way is best.

And thousands journey the easiest way,
Choosing the simplest tasks to do,
They love to dance and they love to play,
But the hardest road is trod by few.

But those who travel the hardest way
Are brave of heart and unafraid,
And they face the trials of today
With courage firm and undismayed.

And—in the end,—the golden goal—
Becomes their own—and perfect rest
And—peace—rewards each striving soul.
And with content each life is blest.

The hardest way—is long—and rough,
Beset with disappointments, too;
But the man—who is made of the sterner stuff—
Elects to fight with the noble few.

GRAYLANDS

Observe well the pauses after conjunctions and adverbs. It takes time to join ideas.

When we go down to Graylands,—together we shall go;
As we went down to Roselands—in the bloom of
April glow!
To Graylands, to Graylands, ah, will it not be sweet,
When we go down to Graylands in the days of weary
feet!

Some—*fear* the way to Graylands and say—it must not
be
That they shall leave their youth behind and all their
sunny glee;
But—when *we* go to Graylands—it will *not* be with
fear,
For—we shall go *together*—as in *Maytime* of love's
year!

“The shadows dwell in Graylands, of vanished dreams,”
they cry,
But—we shall go together—till we find the *sunny sky*;
And—with the shadows—singing—and with the *sweet-
heart* tune,
Go down to Graylands—*happy*—as we were in *love's*
young June.

When we go down to Graylands,—I wonder—shall it
be—
That we shall go together, little sweetheart, you with
me!
For—then—it would not matter—how deep the night
and drear,
Our hearts would *sing* in Graylands—as they sang in
Roselands, dear.

CHILD LOST!

In olden times, when any message was to be proclaimed, it was given to the bellman, who would make his way through the town, ring his bell and cry aloud the news. Make his tones slow and with downward glides of pitch. The voice should be monotonous and wierd.

“Nine,” by the cathedral clock!
Chill the air with rising damps;
Drearily from block to block
In the gloom the bell-man tramps—
“Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress,—child lost!”

Something in the doleful strain
Makes the dullest listener start,
And a sympathetic pain
Shoot to every feeling heart.
Anxious fathers homeward haste,
Musing with paternal pride
Of their daughters, happy-faced,
Silken-haired and sparkling-eyed.
Many a tender mother sees
Younglings playing round her chair,
Thinking, “If ’twere one of these,
How could I the anguish bear?”

“Ten,” the old cathedral sounds;
Dark and gloomy are the streets;
Still the bell-man goes his rounds,
Still his doleful cry repeats—

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!
Child lost! Blue eyes,
Curly hair, pink dress,—
Child lost! Child lost!"

"Can't my little one be found?
Are there any tidings, friend?"
• Cries the mother, "Is she drowned?
Is she stolen? God forbend!
Search the commons, search the parks,
Search the doorways and the halls,
Search the alleys, foul and dark,
Search the empty market stalls.
Here is gold and silver—see!
Take it all and welcome, man;
Only bring my child to me,
Let me have my child again."

Hark! the old cathedral bell
Peals "eleven," and it sounds
To the mother like a knell;
Still the bell-man goes his rounds—
"Child lost! Child lost!
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress,—child lost!"

Half aroused from dreams of peace,
Many hear the lonesome call,
Then into their beds of ease
Into deeper slumbers fall;
But the anxious mother cries,
"Oh, my darling's curly hair,
Oh, her sweetly-smiling eyes!
Have you sought her everywhere?
Long and agonizing dread
Chills my heart and drives me wild—
What if Minnie should be dead?
God, in mercy, find my child!"

“Twelve,” by the cathedral clock;
Dimly shine the midnight lamps;
Cheerily from block to block,
In the rain the bell-man tramps—
“Child found! Child found;
Blue eyes, curly hair,
Pink dress,—child found!”

YESTERDAY

Where have they vanished? Is that what you say?
Into the land of dim Yesterday;
Into the Shadow-land, into the mist,
Hands that we pressed, lips that we kissed,
Eyes that looked love into ours through tears,
Hearts that beat time with ours for years;
Silently, swiftly have all passed away
Into the Shadow-land, Yesterday.

There are the songs the sweet lips have sung,
Voices that echo like chimes far-off rung;
There are the hopes that were cherished and bright,
All passed away like stars of the night.
There are the promises fleeting as breath,
Sundered and rent by the swift hand of death;
Memories only still linger and stay,
Memories sweet of the glad Yesterday.

There in that mist-land of Shadow and Tears,
Lie the great treasures of swift-fleeting years;
Measures of gold that toilers have won,
Loftiest deeds that brave heroes have done;
Crowns that are blood-bought, now eaten with rust,
Sceptres and thrones that are crumbling to dust;
Towers and palaces splendid and grand,
Proud-glowing trophies of many a land,
Gliding still farther and farther away
Into the mist of the far Yesterday.

—Byron W. King.

UP-HILL

We must use two voices in this selection. Let the answering voice be calm, even and firm. The first voice is that of a traveler, anxious and weary. The more earnest we are, the more slowly we must speak; the more serious, the deeper the tones.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

“Yes, to the very end.”

Will the journey take the whole long day?

“From morn to night, my friend.”

But, is there for night a resting-place?

“A roof when the dark hours begin.”

May not darkness hide it from my face?

“You cannot miss that Inn.”

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

“Those who have gone before.”

Must I knock, or call when just in sight?

“They wait you at the door.”

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

“Of rest you shall find the sum.”

Will there be beds for all who seek?

“Yea, beds for all who come.”

—*Christina Rossetti.*

SONG OF THE WINTER WINDS

If we prolong oo and glide up and down in pitch it will sound like the wind. Try oo-o-ee and make ee on high pitch. Now, give “O pity the poor” and prolong all the vowels, changing ‘y’ to “ee.” Make like sound for all the wind lines.

Oh, what is the song that the winter winds sing,
As earth they are robing with snows that they bring
From the crystalline realms of the stern Ice-king?

“Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!”

Adown the dark street they are rushing along,
And into the ears of the hurrying throng,
They, determinate, shout the words of their song,
“Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!”

They rattle the shutters of the rich millionaire,
To knock for the mendicant, shivering there,
And are whispering through, on the cold, cold air,
"Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!"

They part the white curtains, and hover beside
The pillow of one in her maidenhood's pride,
And breathe to her gently, "The Lord will provide.
"Oh, pity the poor! oh, pity the poor!"

Have ye not heard it, this song born of love,
Sung by His messengers sent from above
To tell us our duty, our stewardship prove?
Then pity the poor, then pity the poor!

"The poor ye have always," let love then prevail,
Lend to the weak, the distressed, and the frail,
Whom friendship has shut without her white pale,
Because they are poor, because they are poor.

Is this the glad song that the winter winds sing
As back they are soaring with unwearied wing,
To the crystalline realms of the stern Ice-king?
"Earth pities her poor, earth pities her poor!"

—*William M. Clark.*

WHEN I WAS A BOY

Up in the attic where I slept
When I was a boy—a little boy!—
In through the lattice the moonlight crept,
Bringing a tide of dreams that swept
Over the low red trundle bed,
Bathing the tangled curly head,
While moonbeams played at hide and seek
With the dimples on each sun-browned cheek,
When I was a boy—a little boy!

And, O the dreams, the dreams I dreamed
When I was a boy—a little boy.

For the grace that through the lattice streamed
Over my folded eyelids, seemed
To have the gift of prophecy,
And to give me glimpses of time to be,
When manhood's clarion seemed to call.
Oh, that was the sweetest dream of all,
When I was a boy—a little boy!

I'd like to sleep where I used to sleep
When I was a boy—a little boy!
For in at the lattice the moon would creep,
Bringing her tide of dreams to sweep
The crosses and griefs of the tears away
From the heart that is weary and faint today,
And those dreams should give me back again
The peace I have never known since then—
When I was a boy—a little boy!

THE LITTLE RED HEN

Here is a poem many people ought to hear. There are so many Duck-people, Goose-people and Piggy-people. I like the little Red Hen! She worked real hard, she did, and raised a crop, harvested it and got it milled and baked the loaf all herself. Now, some people might say she was selfish, but I know she just wished to teach lazy folks a lesson. The little Red Hen put snap and energy into her work. I know she will talk that way, too. Who will show us how?

The Little Red Hen had some kernels of corn
She wanted to plant in a row.
She asked Mr. Piggy, Miss Goose and Miss Duck
To help, but they answered, "Oh, no!"
"Not I!" said the Goose, and "Not I!" said the Duck,
While Piggy just ran off and hid.
"All right," said the Hen, "if you won't, why, you won't.
I will plant it myself." And she did.

When the corn was all ripe, "Who will take it today,"
Said the Little Red Hen, "to the mill?
Won't somebody offer to carry the bag?
I will be much obliged if you will."

"Not I!" said the Goose, and "Not I!" said the Duck—
While Piggy just ran off and hid.

"All right," said the Hen, "if you won't, why, you won't.
I will take it myself." And she did.

When she brought home the meal, said the Little Red
Hen,

"Won't somebody help make the bread?"

But nobody offered to help her a bit,

And this is what each of them said:

"Not I!" said the Goose, and "Not I!" said the Duck—
While Piggy just ran off and hid.

"All right," said the Hen, "if you won't, why, you won't.
"I will bake it myself." And she did.

The Little Red Hen baked the loaf all herself.

At last it was ready to eat.

The others looked on as she buttered a slice,

And crowded around at her feet.

"I'll help you eat it!" said Goosie and Duck;

"And I!" said Piggy, with a grunt.

"Oh, thank you so much," said the Little Red Hen,

"But I have an idea you won't."—And they didn't.

EDITH'S SECRET

Here's a secret! You must tell it in a whisper. Be sure no one overhears you. Of course, boys in our school are not like Bob. Our boys would not rob a bird's nest, but some other boy might hear and then, just think! The birds are our little friends and they wake us with song and show us how to be happy. I think this is a robin's nest. Do you? They are great home-builders and fine house-keepers.

Hark! I've a secret to whisper!

Listen—but don't you tell!

'Cause it isn't mine to be giving,

And it isn't mine to sell!

I went in the orchard this morning,

To gather some clover blooms,

For the bees in the hives—so busy

They can't leave their dungeon glooms!

And while I was there, I looked up
And saw—now, don't you tell!
'Cause if Bob should hear (he's my brother),
There's nothing he'd like so well!
I saw up there, in the branches,
'Most hidden by leaves an' boughs,
A wee, soft nest—just the dearest
And tiniest birdie's house!
And what do you s'pose was in it?
I climbed up, and almost fell—
(Hush! there comes Bob)—four bird's eggs!
Remember, you musn't tell!

THREE LITTLE SOLDIERS

Three little soldiers—paper caps,
Cornstalk guns and shoulder straps,
Hearked to the spring-bird's morning call,
Shouldered their arms and one and all
Marched in the light of the golden day
Over the hills and far away.

Three little soldiers, tired and sore,
Back from their bloodless, mimic war,
Clustered about their mother's knee,
Told their tales in childish glee;
Tales of the mock, heroic fray—
Over the hills and far away.

Three bonny boys, a mother's pride,
With tear-dimmed eyes and martial stride,
Hearked to their bleeding country's call,
Shouldered their arms and one and all
Marched in the misty morning grey,
Over the hills and far away.

Under the blood-stained uniform,
Three gallant hearts, once blithe and warm,
Throb no more at the bugle's call,
Heed not the banner's rise and fall;—
Three bonny boys are lifeless clay,
Over the hills and far away. —*J. B. Naylor.*

THE KITCHEN POKER

The Irish dialect glides upward in pitch in comedy. The vowels are prolonged and the upward movement is from two to four notes usually. In pathos, the voice glides downward. The tones must be made well forward and vibrated fully upon the teeth.

The Irish is remarkable for its beauty of intonation, its clearness of vibration, and it is wonderfully effective for both humor and pathos. The Irishman is proud of his honor, and when you speak of that, he "quits joking."

Swate widow Flagg, one winter's night
Invited a tea party,
Of elegant gentility,
And made the boys quite hearty;
But just as they were breaking up,
She missed her kitchen poker,
And delicately hinted, that
The thief was Paddy Croker.

Now, Pat, he was a Grenadier,
In what is called the Grey Light Horse;
A stouter, cleaner, tighter lad—
Upon my soul, there never was.
Says he unto the widow:
"Do you take me for a joker?
Do you think I'd come into your house
And steal your dirty poker?
Yooor nasty, dirty poker,
Your dirty kitchen poker!
Do you think an Irish gintleman
Would steal your dirty poker?"

But all that he could say or do
Had no effect upon her.
At length says she: "Now, Pat, will you
Declare upon your honor?"
Arrah! Pat stared and started back,
His hand behind his cloaker!
"Ye touch my honor, touch my life;—
There is your dirty poker!—
Your nasty kitchen poker;
Your dirty, ugly poker.
Touch my honor,—touch my life;—
Here! Take your dirty poker!"

THE LAY OF AN EGG

There are lots of troubles in the world and some folks are just trouble-makers. The best way is to do our work and not worry. Let us all read this poem, and one of us will take the good mother hen's part, and another the bragging duck's part, and some good-natured boy can have the part of the dog. Yes, and we must not forget the cat. Some people think animals can't talk,—but then some people never did amount to much!

Good Mrs. Bidy has laid a white egg,

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!”

And she is as proud as a hen can be,

And calls to her friends to come in and see,

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!”

The first to appear was old Mother Duck,

“Quack! quack! quack!”

“What have you got there, dear Mrs. Hen?

Only an egg? I'm sitting on ten!

Quack! quack! quack!”

The next one to come was the stable cat,

“Miaow—ow—ow!”

A cat, my dear, may look at a king.

But what's to see in that round, white thing?”

Miaow—ow—ow!”

Poor Mrs. Bidy sat down to cry,

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!”

“I was proud of my pretty white egg,” said she,

“But eggs seem common as common can be.

Cluck! cluck! cluck!”

But Towser cried, as he picked his bone,

“Bow! wow! wow!”

“You've done your duty, so don't you mind

If folks say things a little unkind,

Bow! wow! wow!”

So good Mrs. Bidy took heart again,

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!”

I won't care a button what some folk say!”

And she laid a pretty white egg each day.

“Cluck! cluck! cluck!”

After awhile those eggs were hatched,
 "Cheep! cheep! cheep!"
The chicks were the dearest of dear little things,
With nice little heads and nice little wings!
 "Cheep! cheep! cheep!"

A KINDLY LETTER

The Alphabet family is a queer one! The children, the letters, are funny little fellows. People talk with them so much, it would not be strange if they did a little talking themselves. Letters are like little people, small but very important. If you wish to know how big a little letter can be, just spell it out. These letters have traveled a great deal. You will find them in all cities and in all lands.

The letter K got lonesome quite,
And people called him queer,
And so he wrote to letter A:
 "My friend and comrade dear,
I wish you'd come and live with me:
For you and I, 'tis plain,
Are made to rule o'er other folk
In this our great domain.
Our house shall have a roomy L,
Where we may take our E's,
With naught to do the livelong day
Except to tend the B's.

And all who live within our court
Shall wear their hair in Q's;
Sweet P's shall grow around our door,
And green T's shall we use.
Of course, we'll travel o'er the C's
To every land we know,
From R's in France to Zuyder Z;
And no man shall we O.
Indeed, we'll be so extra Y's,
We'll act as one, not two;
And though you are the first in rank,
Why, I'll be W."

FIFTH AND SIXTH GRADES

EUGENE FIELD

Be sure each vowel is clear and the voice soft and sweet, like music.
Make the pauses long. Pathos and beauty require time for feeling
and appreciation.

There's a trail of mist—on the low—gray deep,
A blur of rain—on the land,—
And—the breath of flowers—where he lies—asleep,
With—one—white rose—in his hand.

The strong,—sweet singer,—who left his lute—
Until—the dawn should come,
But—drifted away with the morning tide,
And left it—forever—dumb.

And—what are the wonders—his eyes have seen,
And—what are the secrets—he knows?
He never will tell—as he lies there—asleep—
Just clasping—the sweet—white rose.

But—in the splendor of seraph's song
He seems—the poet we knew;
In happy gardens—of blossoms—and dreams—
He wanders—with *little Boy Blue*.

They smile at the toys they left for a night,
The play-things of youth and of age;
For the man is a child in the Kingdom of Light,
And the child is as wise as the sage.

And whatever pleasure in Heaven may be,
This lover so tender and true
Will turn from the splendor of angel joys
To the face of his little Boy Blue.

THE WILL AND THE WAY

The author of this poem is John G. Saxe, of Vermont. He knew life and the qualities needful to win success. He won fame and distinction with determined effort and perseverance. He saw the humor of the old world and he scattered smiles all the way along the rough road. His poems are earnest and helpful. He believed in backbone of body and mind,—a backbone that would support a head and uphold a spirit. He lived and loved and laughed, and he won! The poem must be spoken with energy of voice and action.

It was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker,
Before the battle, say:
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it—"
"On! on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high:
In vain he seeks the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it."

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode;
Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
To "find a way, or make it."

Are riches worth the getting?
They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting,
The boon cannot be bought;
To all the prize is open,
But only he can take it
Who says, with Roman courage,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

DAYBREAK

A wind came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."
It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners, the night is gone."

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."
It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."
And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."
It shouted through the belfry-tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

THE SOLDIER'S MONUMENT

A monument—for the soldiers!
And—what will you build of it?
Can ye build it of marble,—or brass,—or bronze,—
Outlasting—the soldier's love?
Can ye glorify it—with legends—
As grand—as their blood—hath writ,—
From the inmost shrine—of this Land of thine—
To the uttermost verge of it?

And—the answer came: We would build it—
Out of our hopes—made sure,—
And—out of our purest prayers—and tears,—
And—out of our faith—secure;

We would build it—out of the great white truths—
Their death—hath sanctified.
And—the sculptured forms—of the men in arms,—
And their faces—ere they died.

And—what heroic figure—
Can the sculpture—carve in stone?
Can the marble breast—be made to bleed—
And the marble lips—to moan?
Can the marble brow—be fevered?
And—the marble eyes—be graved
To look their last—as the flag—floats past,
On the Country—they have saved?

Each pupil should mark the phrases of the remaining stanzas,—also, all accents for emphasis.

And the answer came: The figures
Shall all be fair and brave,
And, as befitting, as pure and white
As the stars above their grave!
The marble lips and breast and brow
Whereon the laurel lies,
Bequeath us right to guard the flight
Of the old flag of the skies.

A monument for the soldiers!
Built of a people's love,
And blazoned and decked and panoplied
With the hearts ye built it of!
And see that ye build it stately,
In pillar and niche and gate,
And high in pose as the souls of those
It would commemorate!

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

EVENING AT THE FARM

The poem by J. T. Trowbridge gives us beautiful pictures of farm life. All poets are lovers of nature and of animals. The long lanes, the wide-sweeping plains, the high-arching hills, the deep-curving valleys, the somber forests, the herds of fleecy sheep, the lowing cattle, the myriad voices of birds and insect,—these have given inspiration to poets of all ages.

In this first stanza, the meter keeps time to the farm-boy's step. When he calls the cows, the voice should be high and the sounds prolonged. Then, for the distant sound, keep the same pitch of voice and prolong each sound a little more. If you turn the head to the right or left while making the distant sound, it will seem more like the echo.

Make the farmer's voice deeper and fuller than the boy's voice. Then, the milk-maid should have a beautiful voice. All milk-maids' voices are beautiful,—in poetry!

1. Over the hill the farm-boy goes,
His shadow lengthens along the land,
A giant staff in a giant hand;
In the poplar-tree, above the spring,
The Katy-did begins to sing;
The early dew's are falling;—
Into the stone-heap darts the mink;
The swallows skim the river's brink;
And home to the woodland fly the crows,
When over the hill the farm-boy goes,
Cheerily calling,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'! co'!"
Farther, farther, over the hill,
Faintly calling, calling still,
"Co', boss! co', boss! co'! co'!"
2. Into the yard the farmer goes,
With grateful heart, at the close of day:
Harness and chain are hung away;
In the wagon-shed stand yoke and plow;
The straw's in the stack, the hay in the mow;
The cooling dew's are falling:
The friendly sheep his welcome bleat,
The pigs come grunting to his feet,

The whinnying horse his master knows,
When into the yard the farmer goes,
His cattle calling—
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”
While still the cow-boy far away,
Goes seeking those that have gone astray—
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’!”

3. Now to her task the milkmaid goes.
The cattle come crowding through the gate,
Lowling, pushing, little and great;
About the trough, by the farm-yard pump,
The frolicsome yearlings frisk and jump,
While the pleasant dews are falling;—
The new milch heifer is quick and shy,
But the old cow waits with tranquil eye,
And the white stream into the bright pail flows,
When to her task the milkmaid goes,
Soothingly calling,
“So, bass! so, boss! so! so! so!”
The cheerful milkmaid takes her stool,
And sits and milks in the twilight cool,
Saying, “So! so, boss! so! so!”

4. To supper at last the farmer goes.
The apples are pared, the paper read,
The stories are told, then all to bed.
Without, the crickets’ ceaseless song
Makes shrill the silence all night long;
The heavy dews are falling;—
The housewife’s hand has turned the lock;
Drowsily ticks the kitchen clock;
The household sinks in deep repose,
But still in sleep the farm-boy goes,
Singing, calling,
“Co’, boss! co’, boss! co’! co’! co’!”
And oft the milkmaid, in her dreams,
Drums in the pail with the flashing streams,
Murmuring, “So, boss! so!”

WHAT THE WOOD FIRE SAID TO THE LITTLE BOY

Once there was a man named Shakespeare. And he loved people, big and little people, too, and he loved birds and beasts and flowers and trees, and he learned many of their secrets. And he said there were "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything." Think of it! Many people are missing a lot! Let us see if we can hear the old tree tell his story. He tells it to a boy, but that's just because he couldn't find a girl. I know it was. I wonder how the wood talks in the fire. I think the voice will be snappy and clear,—don't you?

What said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night,
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright?

The wood said: "See
What they've done to me!
I stood in the forest, a beautiful tree!
And waved my branches from east to west,
And many a sweet bird built its nest
In my leaves of green
That loved to lean
In springtime over the daisies' breast.

"From the blossomy dells
Where the violet dwells
The cattle came with their clanking bells
And rested under my shadows sweet,
And the winds that went over the clover and wheat,
Told me all they knew
Of the flowers that grew
In the beautiful meadows that dreamed at my feet!

"And the wild wind's caresses
Oft rumbled my tresses,
But, sometimes, as soft as a mother's lip presses
On the brow of the child of her bosom, it laid

Its lips on my leaves, and I was not afraid;
And I listened and heard
The small heart of each bird,
As it beat in the nests that their mothers had made.

“And in springtime sweet faces
Of myriad graces
Came beaming and gleaming from flowery places,
And under my grateful and joy-giving shade,
With cheeks like primroses, the little ones played,
And the sunshine in showers
Through all the bright hours
Bound their flowery ringlets with silvery braid.

“And the lightning
Came brightening
From storm skies and frightening
The wandering birds that were tossed by the breeze
And tilted like ships on black, billowy seas;
But they flew to my breast,
And I rocked them to rest,
While the trembling vines clustered and clung to my
knees.

“But how soon,” said the wood,
“Fades the memory of good!
For the forester came with his axe gleaming bright,
And I fell like a giant all shorn of his might,
Yet still there must be
Some sweet mission for me:
For have I not warmed you and cheered you tonight?”
So said the wood in the fire
To the little boy that night.
The little boy of the golden hair,
As he rocked himself in his little armchair,
When the blaze was burning bright.

LAUNCHING OF THE SHIP

This is one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems. When he speaks of the ship he would have us think of our country. A poet often says two things at the same time. The descriptive parts of the poem are very fine. We must prolong and swell the open vowels of all the emphatic words. When you speak of the ocean, let the tones be deep and full. Deep emotions and great conceptions should be uttered with low tones. The last appeal to the "Union" forms a great climax and each succeeding phrase should be in a higher pitch than the former one. We must not forget that beautiful ideas, emotions and thoughts require beautiful tones of voice and graceful gestures. Words are the embodiment of thought and voice is the vesture or garment to make them beautiful. We must not mar the music of the poem with harsh or unpleasant tones.

"Build me straight, O worthy master,
Staunch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle."

The merchant's word, delighted, the master
heard;
For his heart was in his work and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
And, with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered: "Ere long we shall launch
A vessel as goodly and strong and staunch
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
To-day the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.

The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold.

His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.

He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage-day,
Her snow-white signals, fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray, old sea.

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And, at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts,—she moves,—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray;
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms."

How beautiful she is! how fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress

Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!

Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea.
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!



AT THE CROSS ROADS

By F. C. WELLMAN.

When we begin a narrative or story, we must go slowly and make many pauses. The audience must understand the place, the people and the incidents. Then, we must **see** all the things of which we speak, and it will help if we point them all out and make pictures for the listeners. After we see it we must make other people see it, just as if we saw it when it occurred and then told the story.

The more sympathy we feel, the more slowly we speak. We must give quotations, at least, twice the time of other phrases.

In emotional selections the pauses are more effective than words, for they move the speaker and help him to be more earnest.

An old man—sat—at the cross roads—
On a stone—by the village street.
He was weary—and worn—and travel-stained—
And faint—from the dust—and heat,
And—his gray head—drooped—as he sat there—
With hunger and travel—spent,
While—the noon-day throng—went—hurrying by—
On their homeward journey—bent.
And—I passed by—with the others,—
In that heedless current—caught,
That—nor rocks—nor cares—for the stranger poor.
Nor the homeless wanderer's lot.

But the picture left its image;
I could not drive it away,
And I thought of One who would surely have paused
Had He been in the crowd that day.
How His eyes sought out the outcast,
Who was barred from his fellow's door,
How He gave His hand to the woman shamed,
And bade her sin no more.
I saw Him kneel by the leper,
As he shuddered and cried, "Unclean!"
And health and joy and manhood came
At the touch of the Nazarene.

They are sitting there at the cross roads,
Weary and faint—alone,
There are many bowed with a sinner's shame,
Or a shame that is not their own.
It may be a friendless orphan,
Or a slave in the thrall of drink—
Your path may lead to a happy home,
And his to the river's brink.
The wretched, the weak, the burdened,
The pilgrim with way-worn feet—
They are sitting there as the old man sat
At the place where the cross roads meet.

Oh, linger a bit at the wayside,
And let your heart be heard,
As it bids you pause by your brother-man
And give him a cheering word.
For the life that loves is lovely
And the soul that gives expands,
And the heart that warms to a brother's need
Is like to the Son of Man's.
And the meed will be right royal,
When he says to you and me,
"Inasmuch as ye did for the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me."

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TODAY?

There are big words in the dictionary. They are "Here" and "Now." The time to smile, to speak is **now**; the place is **here**. So many people plan to do great things to-morrow, but the things are never done. Lazy people are always dreaming of "to-morrow," and when it comes they fail to wake up. Let us see how many smiles, kind words, helpful deeds we can crowd into To-day.

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done today?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give today?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer!
But what did we speak today?

We shall be so kind in the afterwhile,
But what have we been today?
We shall bring each lonely life a smile,
But what have we brought today?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed today?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown today?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built today?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we our task;
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
What have we done today?

—*Nixon Waterman.*

GRANDPA'S SPECTACLES

I like old people! They know so many beautiful stories and they love to tell them, too. Lives are like books and we can all learn much from them. If we can get old people to tell us the things they **have** seen and heard and lived, it will be like listening to stories read **from** the pages of wonderful books. Be gentle with the old, for they are pilgrims nearing the end of a long journey.

O Mama! what will grandpa do,
He's gone away to Heaven
Without the silver spectacles
That Uncle John had given?
How can he read his papers there,
Or find his hickory staff?
He'll put his coat on wrong-side out,
And make the people laugh.

And when he takes his Bible down,
And wipes its dusty lid,
He'll never find his spectacles
Within its cover hid;

And there won't be any wee girl there,
He likes as well as me,
To run and hunt them up for him
And put them on his knee.

Oh, dear! he'll never find the place
About the "wicked flea,"
And how "the bears eat children up"—
(That used to frighten me.)
So, Mama, if you'll dress me up,
Just like an angel bright,
I'll put our ladder 'gainst the sky
And take them up tonight.

HOME, SWEET HOME

This poem was written by a man who had no home. Hungry and cold, he walked the streets of London, and then in a humble garret, he wrote these wonderful lines. It is a world-poem, for it expresses the longings of all hearts. It is an ageless poem, for it will be repeated as long as human lips utter language.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with else-
where.

I gaze on the moon, as I trace the drear wild,
And feel that my parent now thinks of her child;
She looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through woodbines whose fragrance shall cheer me no
more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh! give me my lowly-thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily that came at my call;
Give these, with sweet peace of mind, dearer than all.

If I return home overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace I'm sure to meet there;
The bliss I experienced whenever I come,
Makes no other place seem like that of sweet home.

Farewell, peaceful cottage! farewell, happy home!
Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam;
This poor aching heart must be laid in the tomb,
Ere it cease to regret the endearments of home.

—*John Howard Payne.*

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Here is a poem brimful of life and action. When you find work difficult and results are slow in coming, keep busy. You will be well repaid by your own efforts. What looks like failure is often the greatest victory.

Did you tackle the trouble that came your way,
With a resolute heart and cheerful?
Or hide your face from the light of day,
With a craven soul and fearful?
Oh, a trouble's a ton, or a trouble's an ounce,
Or a trouble is what you make it;
And it isn't the fact that you're hurt that counts,
But, only, how did you take it?

You are beaten to earth? Well, well, what's that?
Come up with a smiling face.
It's nothing against you to fall down flat.
But to lie there—that's the disgrace.
The harder you're thrown, why, the higher you bounce;
Be proud of your blackened eye!
It isn't the fact that you're licked that counts;
It's how did you fight—and why?

And though you be done to the death, what then?
If you battled the best you could,
If you played your part in the world of men,
Why, the Critic will call it good.
Death comes with a crawl, or comes with a pounce,
And whether he's slow or spry,
It isn't the fact that you're dead that counts,
But only how did you die?

—*Edmund Vance Cooke.*

RECITATIONS FOR SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADES

THE TWO VILLAGES

By ROSE TERRY.

This is a beautiful poem and the voice must be beautiful to match the words. The voice in the second and third stanzas must be very clear and the pauses long. The words must be very distinct, like voices sound on a still night, or in an empty room. A good reader can suggest day or night, sunshine or shadow, life or death, with his voice.

Over the river—on the hill,—
Lieth a village—white—and still;
All around it—the forest trees—
Shiver—and whisper—in the breeze;
Over it—sailing shadows go:
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers;
Never a clock to toll the hours;
The marble doors are always shut;
You cannot enter in hall or hut.
All the villagers lie asleep;
Never again to sow or reap,
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer
Looks to the other village there,
And, weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to *that* home, from this below;
Longs to sleep in the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, this answer fall—
“Patience! that village shall hold ye all.”

AMERICA

This is a wonderful poem. Each stanza has a double climax. In the first stanza the words “country,” “liberty,” “thee,” form a series, and “thee” is the climax and must be given in highest pitch. Then, the remainder of the stanza forms a second series. Not many poems are so well adapted for recitation. The pauses must be accurate, the voice clear and the pitches decided. Let us give it with energy and enthusiasm. Begin last stanza with lower tones and make longer pauses.

My *country*, 'tis of *thee*,
Sweet land of *liberty*,
 Of *thee* I sing;
Land—where my *fathers* died,
Land—of the *pilgrims'* pride;
From every *mountain* side,
 Let *freedom* ring.

My native *country*—*thee*,
Land of the noble *free*,—
 Thy *name* I love;
I love thy *rocks*—and *rills*,
Thy *woods*—and *templed hills*;
My heart with *rapture* thrills
 Like that *above*.

Let *music*—swell the *breeze*,
And *ring*—from all the *trees*
 Sweet *freedom's* song;
Let *mortal* tongues awake,
Let all that *breathe* partake,
Let *rocks* their silence break—
 The sound *prolong*.

Our fathers' God! to Thee,
Author of liberty,
 To *Thee* we sing;
Long—may our land be bright—
With *freedom's* holy light;
Protect us—by Thy *might*,
 Great *God*,—our *King*!
 —*S. F. Smith, LL. D.*

MY LOVE AND I

BYRON W. KING.

I know, if every restless tide
 That circles life with fall and flow,
If all the storms of winter wide,
 That from the deep, dark heavens blow
 Between us two should sweep;—
Still, through the tide and o'er the storm
Each should behold a cherished form,
And spirit call to spirit warm,
 And soul with soul should weep.

I know, if all that life can hold
 Of treasured wealth that men esteem,
If rank and fame and gild of gold,
 All vanish, like a splendid dream,
 And thou remain alone;—
These one and all could I resign,
Could I but clasp thy heart to mine,
And, strong in that sweet love of thine,
 Could mock all fate had done.

And if the shadow dim and cold,
 That waits upon the shores of Night,
Should come forth silently and bold,
 And beckon from my longing sight
 The friends of former years;—
Though low in ashes by the dead,
I bowed with dust on heart and head,
Still, still life's path we two cou'd tread,
 Mingling our prayers and tears.

And when it comes—for come it will—
That one of us shall lie so low,
And by a form all cold and still
The other kneel in speechless woe,
All mute in lone despair;—
Still there, above the voiceless tomb,
I feel the soul bewept would come,
And kiss the quivering lips so dumb,
And Love be conqueror there.

THE KING OF DENMARK'S RIDE

ROBERT BROWNING.

This is a stirring poem. Give the parts in quotation with whisper. Keep tones well up and make pauses abrupt. We must not speak too rapidly, but with the quick, sharp pauses, we can suggest rapid action. The last stanza must be very slow and the King's speech must be slowest of all and very tender.

Word—was brought—to the Danish king —

“Hurry!”

That the love of his heart—lay suffering—
And pined—for the comfort his voice would bring;

“O! ride—as though you were flying!”

Better—he loves each golden curl—

On the brow of that Scandinavian girl—

Than his rich crown jewels—of ruby and pearl:

And—the Rose of his Isles is dying.

Thirty nobles—saddled—with speed.

“Hurry!”

Each one—mounting a gallant steed,

Which he kept for battle—and days of need.

“O! ride as though you were flying!”

Spurs were struck—in the foaming flanks,—

Worn-out chargers—staggered—and sank;

Bridles were slackened and girths were burst,

But—ride as they would,—the king rode first,—

For the Rose of his Isles lay dying.—

His nobles are beaten, one by one.

“Hurry!”

They have fainted and faltered and homeward gone;
And his little fair page now follows alone,

For strength and for courage trying.

The king looked back at that faithful child—

Wan was the face that answering smiled—

They passed the drawbridge with clattering din;

Then he dropped and only the king rode in

Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The king blew a blast on his bugle horn.

(Silence!)

No answer came; but faint and forlorn

An echo returned on the cold, grey morn,

Like the breath of a spirit sighing.

The castle portal stood grimly wide—

None welcomed the king from his weary ride—

For dead in the light of the dawning day

The pale, sweet face of the welcomer lay.

Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed with a drooping crest

Stood weary.

The king returned from her chamber of rest,

The thick sobs choking his manly breast,

And that dumb companion eyeing,

The tears gushed forth which he strove to check;

He bowed his head on his charger's neck:

“O, steed—that every nerve didst strain,

Dear steed, our ride has been in vain,

To the halls where my love lay dying!”

MARCO BOZZARIS

1. At midnight,—in his guarded tent,—
The Turk—was dreaming—of the hour—
When—Greece,—her knee—in suppliance—bent,
Should tremble—at his power.
In dreams, through camp and court—he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;—
In dreams,—his song of triumph—heard;
Then—wore his monarch's signet-ring: —
Then—pressed that monarch's throne—a king:
As wild—his thoughts, and gay—of wing,—
As Eden's garden-bird.

This stanza must show caution. Low tones, long pauses.

2. At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day:
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arms to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

Action—quick pauses, abrupt tones, very strong at close of stanza.

3. An hour—passed on—the Turk—awoke;
That bright dream—was his last:
He woke—to hear—his sentries—shriek,
“To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
He woke—to die—mid flame—and smoke,—
And shout,—and groan,—and saber-stroke,
And death-shots—falling—thick—and fast—
As lightnings—from the mountain-cloud;
And heard, with voice—as trumpet loud,—

Bozzaris cheer his band:
"Strike!—till the last armed foe—expires;—
Strike!—for your altars—and your fires;—
Strike!—for the green graves of your sires;—
God—and your native land!"

4. They fought—like brave men, long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile, when rang their proud—"hurrah,"
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close,
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Slow, deep tones; beginning on higher pitches and descend.

5. Come—to the bridal chamber,—Death!
Come—to the mother,—when she feels,
For the first time,—her first-born's breath;—
Come—when the blessed seals—
That close the pestilence—are broke,—
And crowded cities—wail its stroke;
Come—in consumption's ghastly form,—
The earthquake shock,—the ocean storm;—

Make ascending climax until you reach "dance and wine," then descend on each emphatic word.

Come—when the heart beats high—and warm,—
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
And thou art terrible: the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

6. But—to the hero,—when his sword—
Has won the battle—for the free,—
Thy voice—sounds—like a prophet's word,
And—in its hollow tones—are heard
The thanks of millions—yet to be.
Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
Even—in her own proud clime.
We tell thy doom—without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's—now,—and Fame's—
One—of the few, the immortal names
That were not born to die.

—*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

COLUMBUS

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak; what shall I say?"
"Why say 'sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave dashed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but the seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.

These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral; speak and say—"
He said; "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate
"This mad sea shows its teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night,
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn;
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! and on!"

—*Joaquin Miller.*

ADDRESS AT GETTYSBURG

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add to or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we

say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.—*Address of President Lincoln at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863.*

LOST

BYRON W. KING

You have lost your way, my darling!
 Been chasing the butterflies!
And the pansies blue and the daisies you
 Have followed with eager eyes;
And the way you took led down by the brook
 That is flowing afar to the sea,
And you wandered on 'till the day is gone,
 And you are tired as tired can be!

You are crying, now, my darling!
 And you think that home is best!
For the butterflies that dazzled your eyes
 Have flown away to rest;
And the birds that sung when the day was young
 Are tucked away in their nest!
Your clothes are torn by briar and thorn
 And you got your face scratched, too!
You have stubbed your toe, Oh! yes, I know;
 I once was a lad like you!

I'll lead you home, my darling;
Come, put your hand in mine!
Why, it isn't far, from where you are
You can see the lamp-light shine!
But, you had your back to the homeward track;
You must turn around like this!
See! here is the door you were looking for,
And your mother waits with a kiss!

You have lost your way, O brother!
Been chasing the butterflies!
The shadowy gleams and the fanciful dreams
Of Pleasure have dazzled your eyes!
You have echoed the laugh of lips that quaff
Life's wine in the golden day,
And you heeded not but forgot, forgot,
And you wandered away, away!

I will lead you home, my brother,
Away from the din and strife;
This way runs straight to the golden gate,
The beautiful Gate of Life;—
The art of living is giving and giving,
With heart and soul and mind,
Forgetful of self, of pleasure and pelf,
Just labor to *serve* mankind.



THE FAMINE

When we tell sad things, the voice glides downward in pitch. If we repeat the line, "O the long and dreary winter," the words "long" and "dreary" must be prolonged and given downward slides. Then, "dreary" must have lower pitch than "long." So, in the line, "Ever deeper, deeper, deeper," give each succeeding word in lower pitch.

When we wish to excite or animate the audience, we go upward in pitch.

Moaning and crying are given with downward slides. Sentiments of joy, happiness and laughter are given with ascending tones, but sorrow, grief, pain, all go downward.

We must observe that the words may start on a high pitch but glide to lower. In this line, "Give your children food, O Father!" the word "food" is high pitch, but will, when prolonged, glide downward from three to five notes.

We must have special voices for the ghosts in this selection; also, for old Nokomis and for Hiawatha.

O—the long—and dreary—Winter!
O—the cold—and cruel—Winter!
Ever—thicker,—thicker,—thicker—
Froze the ice—on lake—and river,—
Ever—deeper,—deeper,—deeper—
Fell the snow—o'er all the landscape,—
Fell—the covering snow,—and drifted—
Through the forest,—round the village.—
Hardly—from his buried wigwan—
Could the hunter—force a passage;
With his mittens and his snow-shoes
Vainly walked he through the forest,
Sought for bird or beast and found none.
Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
In the snow beheld no footprints,
In the ghastly, gleaming forest
Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
Perished there from cold and hunger.

O the famine and the fever!
O the wasting of the famine!
O the blasting of the fever!
O the wailing of the children!
O the anguish of the women!

All the earth was sick and famished;
Hungry was the air around them,
Hungry was the sky above them,
And the hungry stars in heaven
Like the eyes of wolves glared at them!

Into Hiawatha's wigwam
Came two other guests, as silent
As the ghosts were, and as gloomy,
Waited not to be invited,
Did not parley at the doorway,
Sat there without word of welcome
In the seat of Laughing Water;
Looked with haggard eyes and hollow
At the face of Laughing Water,
And the foremost said: "Behold me!
I am Famine, Bukadawin!"
And the other said: "Behold me!
I am Fever, Ahkosewin!"
And the lovely Minnehaha
Shuddered as they looked upon her,
Shuddered at the words they uttered,
Lay down on her bed in silence,
Hid her face, but made no answer;
Lay there trembling, freezing, burning
At the looks they cast upon her,
At the fearful words they uttered.

Forth into the empty forest
Rushed the maddened Hiawatha;
In his heart was deadly sorrow,
In his face a stony firmness;
On his brow the sweat of anguish
Started, but it froze and fell not.
Wrapped in furs and armed for hunting,
With his mighty bow of ash-tree,
With his quiver full of arrows,
With his mittens, Minjekahwun,
Into the vast and vacant forest
On his snow-shoes strode he forward:

"Gitche Manito, the Mighty!"
Cried he with his face uplifted
In that bitter hour of anguish,
"Give your children food, O Father!
Give us food, or we must perish!
Give me food for Minnehaha,
For my dying Minnehaha!"
Through the far-resounding forest,
Through the forest vast and vacant
Rang that cry of desolation,
But there came no other answer
Than the echo of his crying,
Than the echo of the woodlands,
"MINNEHAHA! MINNEHAHA!"

This must be made like an echo. Make it on same pitch as when given by Hiawatha and very softly,—prolong the closing vowels.

In the wigwam with Nokomis,
With those gloomy guests, that watched her,
With the Famine and the Fever,
She was lying, the Beloved,
She, the dying Minnehaha.
"Hark!" she said; "I hear a rushing,
Hear a roaring and a rushing,
Hear the Falls of Minnehaha
Calling to me from a distance!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the night-wind in the pine-trees!"
"Look!" she said; "I see my father
Standing lonely at his doorway,
Beckoning to me from his wigwam
In the land of the Dacotahs!"
"No, my child!" said old Nokomis,
"'Tis the smoke, that waves and beckons!"

"Ah!" said she, "the eyes of Pauguk
Glare upon me in the darkness,
I can feel his icy fingers
Clasping mine amid the darkness!
Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

And the desolate Hiawatha,
Far away amid the forest,
Miles away among the mountains,
Heard that sudden cry of anguish,
Heard the voice of Minnehaha
Calling to him in the darkness,
"Hiawatha! Hiawatha!"

Over snow-fields waste and pathless,
Under snow-encumbered branches,
Homeward hurried Hiawatha,
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Heard Nokomis moaning, wailing:
"Wahonowin! Wahonowin!
Would that I had perished for you.
Would that I were dead as you are!
Wahonowin! Wahonowin!"
And he rushed into the wigwam,
Saw the old Nokomis slowly
Rocking to and fro and moaning,
Saw his lovely Minnehaha
Lying dead and cold before him,
And his bursting heart within him
Uttered such a cry of anguish,
That the forest moaned and shuddered,
That the very stars in heaven
Shook and trembled with his anguish.

Then he sat down, still and speechless,
On the bed of Minnehaha,
At the feet of Laughing Water,
At those willing feet, that never
More would lightly run to meet him,
Never more would lightly follow.
With both hands his face he covered,
Seven long days and nights he sat there,
As if in a swoon he sat there,
Speechless, motionless, unconscious
Of the daylight or the darkness.

Then they buried Minnehaha ;
In the snow a grave they made her,
In the forest deep and darksome,
Underneath the moaning hemlocks ;
Clothed her in her richest garments,
Wrapped her in her robes of ermine,
Covered her with snow, like ermine,
Thus they buried Minnehaha.
And at night a fire was lighted,
On her grave four times was kindled,
For her soul upon its journey
To the Islands of the Blessed.
From his doorway Hiawatha
Saw it burning in the forest,
Lighting up the gloomy hemlocks.

“Farewell !” said he, “Minnehaha !
Farewell, O my Laughing Water !
All my heart is buried with you,
All my thoughts go onward with you !
Come not back again to labor,
Come not back again to suffer,
Where the Famine and the Fever
Wear the heart and waste the body.
Soon my task will be completed,
Soon your footsteps I shall follow
To the Islands of the Blessed,
To the Kingdom of Ponemah,
To the Land of the Hereafter !”

—*H. W. Longfellow.*



SHUT-EYE TOWN

There's a little city of beautiful dreams where we go when the sand-man comes. It is not far away, this city, but to go to it, you must shut your eyes and fold your hands and keep very still. When the day's work is all done and the big outside world grows silent and the wind sings a lullaby, then off we go to Shut-Eye Town. It is best to go with a mother's kiss and a sweet "good-night."

When the bees came in from their work to rest,
And the shadows crept o'er the darkening west;
When the swallows slept 'neath the sloping eaves,
And the night-dew moistened the drooping leaves;
When the stars came out and the sun went down,
Then our baby started for Shut-Eye Town.

When the bees went back to their honeyed feast,
And the shadows fled from the brightening east;
When the swallows chirped in the orchard trees,
And the leaves were swayed by the morning breeze;
When the sun came up and the stars went down,—
Our baby came back from Shut-Eye Town.

But she smiled at the close of a sun-lit day,
And softly and sweetly she slipped away,
And that city old must be wondrously fair,
For our darling child still lingers there,
And our eyes are dim and our hearts bowed down,
For baby still journeys in Shut-Eye Town.

PICTURES OF MEMORY

Each head is a workshop and has many busy workmen. Two bright workers are always seeing things and taking pictures. One wonderful workman is busy making images and stowing them away for future use. Then Memory brings them out and shows them to us again and again. So, each one has an Art Gallery and each day we all hang upon its walls pictures of life.

Among—the beautiful pictures—
That hang—on Memory's wall,
Is one—of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all;
Not—for its gnarled oaks—olden.
Dark—with the mistletoe;

Not—for the violets—golden—
That sprinkle the vale—below ;
Not—for the milk-white lilies—
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting—all day—with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge ;
Not—for the vines—on the upland,
Where the bright—red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip.
It seemeth—to me—the best.

I once—had a little brother,
With eyes—that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that old, dim forest
He lieth—in peace—asleep :
Light—as the down of the thistle,
Free—as the winds that blow,
We roved there—the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago ;
But—his feet—on the hills—greaw weary,
And, one of the autumn eves,
I made—for my little brother—
A bed—of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly—his pale arms folded
My neck,—in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty—
Silently—covered his face :
And—when the arrows of sunset—
Lodged—in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty.
Asleep—by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
This one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

—*Alice Cary.*

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

Health is the greatest wealth. Contentment and happiness are worth far more than gold and silver. To keep well and be busy, doing helpful things, and every day doing our work better.—this is the joy of living. To laugh and sing while we work and turn our work to play,—this is the greatest freedom. Some people write poems, some read them, but the best thing of all is to live a poem,—work and be happy.

There dwelt a Miller, hale and bold,
Beside the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night—
No lark more blithe than he;
And this the burden of his song
Forever used to be:
“I envy nobody, no, not I—
And nobody envies me.”
“Thou’rt wrong, my friend,” said good King Hal,
“As wrong as wrong can be;
For could my heart be light as thine,
I’d gladly change with thee.
And tell me, now, what makes thee sing.
With voice so loud and free.
While I am sad, though I’m a king.
Beside the river Dee?”
The miller smiled and doffed his cap.
“I earn my bread,” quoth he;
“I love my wife, I love my friend,
I love my children three;
I owe no man I cannot pay.
I thank the river Dee,
That turns the mill that grinds the corn
That feeds my babes and me.”
“Good friend,” quoth Hal, and sighed the while,
“Farewell, and happy be;
But say no more, if thou’dst be true,
That no one envies thee;
Thy mealy cap is worth my crown,
They mill my kingdom’s fee;
Such men as thou are England’s boast,
O. Miller of the Dee!”

—Chas. Mackay.

RECITATIONS FOR HIGH SCHOOL

HYMN TO THE VANQUISHED

A. M. MOORE.

Songs of victory, songs of triumph are most common. Real victory often comes from seeming defeat. All reforms begin in the brain of one man or one woman.

The reformer is always in the minority of numbers, but in the great majority of truth.

Phrase the poem carefully. All negative phrases and ideas must have rising inflections. All sad, sympathetic ideas are uttered with descending pitches and undertones. Do not allow voice to weaken because you use tones lower in pitch.

I sing not the song of the victors
Who wear the proud laurels of Fame,
I join not the jubilant chorus
Exalting to heaven their name!
But, I chant the low hymn of the conquered
Who fell in the battle of Life, —
The weary, the worsted, the vanquished,
Who sank overwhelmed in the strife.
A song for the resolute remnant
Who acted their desperate parts,
Who fought and who failed, failed in all things,—
Except in the faith of their hearts.

Their Youth bore no flower on its branches,
Their hopes burned to ashes away;
The glory they sought to enkindle
Faded out with the dying of day.
Their work fell in ruins about them
And left them unpitied, unknown,
With Death swooping down on their failure
And all but their Faith overthrown!

Speak, History! Who are thy heroes?
Unroll thy long annals and say.
Are they those who the world called victors,
Who won the applause of a day;
Who wore the imperial purple,
Who shouted the conqueror's cry;
Or, the valiant whom kings could not silence
And armies could not terrify?
Speak, History! Who are Life's heroes?
Elijah? Or, Ahab, perchance?
John the Baptist in prison?
Or, Herod, o'ercome with the wine and the dance?
Is it Felix, the tremulous jailer?
Or, Paul, with the manacles, which?
Is it Nero, carousing and fiddling?
Or, yon martyr, now flaming with pitch?
O History, speak, and deliver
The thousands by error enticed!
Not the laurel-crowned! No, but the thorn-crowned;
Not Pilate, not Nero, but Christ.

JOHN MAYNARD

This is a great poem. The world loves courage! Soldiers of Life, Soldiers of War,—all are worthy of applause. It requires higher courage to guide a burning ship to shore than to march under waving banners and floating flags.

We must see Lake Erie and the ship and the smiling, laughing people. Then as the danger comes on, we must watch the people, and particularly the Captain and John Maynard. The Captain's voice must ring sharp and clear and John Maynard's answers must be firm and show his courage. His tones will not be loud, but muffled, as if stifled with smoke. We must show his physical exertions and his suffering by our tones. We should make long pauses before and after each call of the Captain and Maynard's answers.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,
One bright midsummer day,
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen
Swept proudly on her way.
Bright faces clustered on the deck,
Or, leaning o'er the side,
Watched carelessly the feathery foam
That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky,
That smiling bends serene,
Could dream that danger, awful, vast,
Impended o'er the scene—
Could dream, that ere an hour had sped,
That frame of sturdy oak
Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves,
Blackened with fire and smoke?

A seaman sought the captain's side,
A moment whispered low:
The captain's swarthy face grew pale;
He hurried down below.
Alas, too late; Though quick, and sharp,
And clear, his orders came,
No human efforts could avail
To quench th' insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck,
It sped from lip to lip,
And ghastly faces everywhere
Looked from the doomed ship.
"Is there no hope—no chance of life?"
A hundred lips implore.
"But one," the captain made reply—
"To run the ship on shore."

A sailor whose heroic soul
That hour should yet reveal,
By name John Maynard, Eastern born,
Stood calmly at the wheel.
"Head her south-east!" the captain shouts
Above the smothered roar;
"Head her south-east without delay!
Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek,
Or clouds his dauntless eye,
As in a sailor's measured tone
His voice responds, "Ay, ay!"

Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight.
Crowd forward, wild with fear;
While at the stern the dreadful flames
Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames.
But still, with steady hand,
He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly
He steered the ship to land.
"John Maynard, can you still hold out?"
He heard the captain cry;
A voice from out the stifling smoke
Faintly responds, "Ay, ay!"

"John Maynard," with an anxious voice,
The captain cries once more,
"Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,
And we will reach the shore."
Through flames and smoke that dauntless heart
Responded firmly still,
Unawed, though face to face with death,
"With God's good help, I will!"

The flames approach with giant stride;
They scorch his hands and brow; ;
One arm disabled seeks his side;
Ah, he is conquered now!
But no; his teeth are firmly set;
He crushes down his pain; ;
His knee upon the stanchion pressed,
He guides the ship again.

One moment yet, one moment yet!
Brave heart thy task is o'er;
The pebbles grate beneath the keel,
The steamer touches shore.
Three hundred grateful voices rise
In praise to God, that He
Hath saved them from the fearful fire,
And from th' ingulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold?
The captain saw him reel—
His nerveless hands released their task,
He sank beside the wheel.
The wave received his lifeless corpse,
Blackened with smoke and fire.
God rest him! Never hero had
A nobler funeral pyre.

OUR COUNTRY'S CALL

This poem was written by William Cullen Bryant, the "good, grey poet." It is a call to battle and the voice must be strong and ringing in its delivery. Keep the body firm when you wish the voice to be strong. Make the pauses sharp and long. Read it as if to the beating of the battle-drum when it is calling the soldiers to "fall in" line. When we give commands, the inflections must be lowered for each phrase.

Be sure a pause is made for each simile. The last stanza should be the strongest as it is the final appeal. The poem would be a battle call for any people in any and, in any age. A great poem is not for one time, one people, or one country. It has in it a call to the universal heart of Humanity.

Lay down the ax; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plow;
The rifle and the bayonet-blade
For arms like yours were fitter now;
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

And ye, who breast the mountain-storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand, like your own gray cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand in her defense;
The blast as soon shall move the rock
As rushing squadrons bear ye thence.

And ye, whose homes are by her grand,
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depth of her green land,
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains
And sweep along the woods upturn.

And ye, who throng, beside the deep,
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long-murmuring marge of sand—
Come, like that deep, when o'er his brim
He rises, all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim,
A helpless wreck, against the shore!

Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike, for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be!

THE REVOLUTIONARY RISING

Thomas Buchanan Read was a sculptor, painter, and poet. He published several volumes of poems, but is probably most widely known as the author of "Sheridan's Ride," "Drifting," and other exquisite poems.

This poem calls for vigor of voice and action. Stanzas 2, 3 and 4 should have beautiful tones and modulations. Then, great firmness should be given when the text is spoken and it should increase until Berkley speaks. We can imagine Berkley an old man but very determined and shocked by what he deems sacrilege. The pastor's reply must be strong, defiant and his call must ring like a challenge. We must make the bell tones **long** and swelling, each succeeding one stronger until the last. The "I" of the last line should be given several times, in different pitches. This will make it seem as if many people shouted it instead of one.

Out of the North the wild news came,
Far flashing on its wings of flame,
Swift as the boreal light which flies
At midnight through the startled skies.
And there was tumult in the air,
The fife's shrill note, the drum's loud beat,
And through the wide land everywhere
The answering tread of hurrying feet,
While the first oath of Freedom's gun
Came on the blast from Lexington;
And Concord roused, no longer tame,
Forgot her old baptismal name,
Made bare her patriot arm of power,
And swelled the discord of the hour.

Within its shade of elm and oak
The church of Berkley Manor stood;
There Sunday found the rural folk,
And some esteemed of gentle blood,
In vain their feet with loitering tread
Passed mid the graves where rank is naught;
All could not read the lesson taught
In that republic of the dead.

How sweet the hour of Sabbath talk,
The vale with peace and sunshine full,
Where all the happy people walk,

Decked in their homespun flax and wool;
Where youth's gay hats with blossoms bloom;
And every maid, with simple art,
Wears on her breast, like her own heart,
A bud whose depths are all perfume;
While every garment's gentle stir
Is breathing rose and lavender.

The pastor came: his snowy locks
Hallowed his brow of thought and care;
And calmly, as shepherds lead their flocks,
He led into the house of prayer.
Then soon he rose; the prayer was strong;
The Psalm was warrior David's song;
The text, a few short words of might—
"The Lord of hosts shall arm the right!"
He spoke of wrongs too long endured,
Of sacred rights to be secured;
Then from his patriot tongue of flame
The startling words for Freedom came.

The stirring sentences he spake
Compelled the heart to glow or quake,
And grasping in his nervous hand
The imaginary battle-brand,
In face of death he dared to fling
Defiance to a tyrant king.

Even as he spoke, his frame, renewed
In eloquence of attitude,
Rose, as it seemed, a shoulder higher;
Then swept his kindling glance of fire
From startled pew to breathless choir;
When suddenly his mantle wide
His hands impatient flung aside,
And, lo! he met their wondering eyes
Complete in all a warrior's guise.

A moment there was awful pause —
When Berkley cried, "Cease, traitor, cease!
God's temple is the house of peace!"

The other shouted, "Nay, not so,
When God is with our righteous cause;
His holiest places then are ours,
His temples are our forts and towers
That frown upon the tyrant foe;
In this, the dawn of Freedom's day,
There is a time to fight and pray!"

And now, before the open door—
The warrior priest had ordered so—
The enlisting trumpet's sudden roar
Rang through the chapel, o'er and o'er,
Its long reverberating blow,
So loud and clear, it seemed the ear
Of dusty death must wake and hear.

And there the startling drum and fife
Fired the living with fiercer life;
While overhead, with wild increase,
Forgetting its ancient toll of peace,
The great bell swung as ne'er before.
It seemed as it would never cease;
And every word its ardor flung
From off its jubilant iron tongue
Was, "War! WAR! WAR!"

"Who dares?"—this was the patriot's cry,
As striding from the desk he came—
"Come out with me, in Freedom's name,
For her to live, for her to die?"
A hundred hands flung up reply,
A hundred voices answered, "I"!

SONG OF THE MYSTIC

Make each letter distinct, clear, each word musical. Draw the sound to you—make it subjective.

I walk—down the Valley—of Silence—
Down the dim—voiceless valley—alone!
And—I hear not—the fall—of a footstep—

Around me, save God's—and my own;
And—the hush of my heart—is as holy—
As hovers—where angels have flown!

Long ago—was I weary—of voices—
Whose music—my heart could not win;
Long ago—was I weary of noises—
That fretted my soul—with their din;
Long ago—was I weary of places—
Where I met—but the human—and sin.

I walked in the world—with the worldly;
I craved—what the world never gave;
And—I said: "In the world—each Ideal,
That shines—like a star on life's wave,—
Is wrecked—on the shores of the Real,—
And sleeps—like a dream—in a grave."

Mark phrases and emphasis. Make pauses very long.

Do you ask what I find in the Valley?
'Tis my Trysting Place with the Divine.
And I fell at the feet of the Holy,
And above me a voice said: "Be mine."
And there arose from the depths of my spirit
An echo—"My heart shall be thine."

Do you ask how I live in the Valley?
I weep—and I dream—and I pray.
But my tears are as sweet as the dewdrops
That fall on the roses in May;
And my prayer like a perfume from Cencers,
Ascendeth to God night and day.

But far on the deep there are billows
That never shall break on the beach;
And I have heard songs in the Silence,
That never shall float into speech;
And I have had dreams in the Valley,
Too lofty for language to reach.

And I have seen Thoughts in the Valley—
Ah! me, how my spirit was stirred!
And they wear holy veils on their faces,
Their footsteps can scarcely be heard;
They pass through the Valley like Virgins,
Too pure for the touch of a word!

Do you ask me the place of the Valley,
Ye hearts that are harrowed by Care?
It lieth afar between mountains,
And God and His angels are there;
And one is the dark mount of Sorrow,
And one the bright mountain of Prayer!

—*Father Ryan.*

THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS

By T. APPLETON

Somewhere—she waits—to make you win,
Your soul—in her firm—white hands,—
Somewhere—the gods have made for you
The-woman-who-understands.

As the tide went out—she found him
Lashed—to a spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship—around him,
The wreck of his dreams—in the air—
Found him, and loved him, and gathered
The soul of him—to her heart;
The soul—that sailed an uncharted sea—
The soul—that sought to win—and be free—
The soul—of which she was part;
And—there—in the dusk she cried to the man,
“Win your battle—you can—you can.”

Helping and loving and guiding—
Urging when that was best—
Holding her fears in hiding
— Deep in her quiet breast—
This is the woman who kept him

True to his standards lost—
When tossed in the storm and stress and strife,
He thought himself through with the game of life
And ready to pay the cost—
Watching and guarding—whispering still,
“Win—you can—and I know you will.”

This is the story of ages—
This is the woman's way—
Wiser than seers or sages,
Lifting us day by day—
Facing all things with a courage
Nothing can daunt or dim;
Treading life's path wherever it leads—
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
But ever with him—with him,
Guardian, comrade, and golden spur,
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,
Your soul in her strong white hands;
Thank well the gods when she comes to you,
The woman who understands.

EACH IN HIS OWN TONGUE

A fire-mist and a planet,
A crystal and a cell,
A jelly-fish and a saurian,
And a cave where the cave-men dwell;
Then a sense of law and duty,
A face turned from the clod—
Some call it Evolution,
And others call it God.

A haze in the far horizon,
The infinite tender sky,
The ripe, rich tint of the cornfields,
And the wild geese sailing high—

And all over upland and lowland,
The sign of the golden rod—
Some of us call it Autumn,
And others call it God.

Like tides on a crescent sea-beach
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts, high yearnings
Come welling and singing in—
Come from the mystic ocean,
Whose rim no foot has trod—
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God.

A picket frozen on duty,
A mother starved for her brood,
Socrates drinking the hemlock,
And Jesus on the rood;
And millions who humble and nameless,
The straight, hard pathway trod—
Some call it Consecration,
And others call it God.

IN MEMORIAM

By BYRON W. KING.

And what can ye say of the Shadow,
Ye watchers who wait and who weep?
And what can ye say of the Silence?
And what of your comrades who sleep?
And what of white hands that are clasping
Dead flowers you placed on each breast?
Of eyes that met yours but now ashen,
Of brows where Death's seal is impressed?

Ay, what can ye say for the Voiceless,
Whose pale lips are sealed with the dust?
What, what can ye say for your Brothers,
For their loyalty, love and their trust?

* * * * *

Let us say: They were Brother Pilgrims,
Who trod with us the World's height,
But they passed down into the Valley
And under the deep-shrouding night.
Let us say: They were Warrior Comrades,
Whose hearts throbbed the drum beats of life,
But they heard the Great Captain's recalling,
And they ceased from the bivouac and strife.

Let us say: They were mariners, sailing
With us on Life's ocean, storm-pressed,
But, they saw the great Pilot's hand beckon
And He showed them the Haven of Rest.
Let us say: They were friends and companions
At this Inn of the Old Grey Earth,
Where we supped at our Great Father's table,
All children, with revel and mirth.

Say, too, that they were our brothers,
Brave, fearless, and valiant and strong;
Warm-hearted to share all our sorrows,
High-courageous to right every wrong!
Say, too, that no darkness of shadows,
No lengthening of time with the years
Shall hide or shall dim our warm tribute
Of love, of remembrance, of tears.

We cherish them ever, we murmur
Their names on our quivering lips,
Their faces come forth from the Shadow,
In our dreams; an Apocalypse!
O Brothers of Silence and Shadow,
O Sleepers with white lips so dumb,
We wait but the call, soon to hear it,
And down to your Mansions we come!

We wait for the call of the Captain
To tell us the struggle shall cease,
We wait for the pale, silent Pilot
To guide to the Harbor of Peace!

Sleep on! Oh, beloved ones, remembered
And cherished with love and with tears;
Ye live; for Life's deeds are immortal,
They pass not away with the years!

DRIFTING

By T. B. READ.

This is a dream poem. The voice must be smooth, sustained and beautiful. We must prolong all open vowels and the tones must rise and fall like the waves of the sea. When we make pauses, the voice must not fall, but keep suspended and suggest the continuous sound of the waves. The words, meter, thought, are all beautiful,—the voice must be beautiful also.

My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvian Bay;
My winged boat, a bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks it sails, and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague, and dim, the mountains swim;
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

I heed not if my rippling skiff
Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;
With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Under the walls, where swells and falls
The bay's deep breast at intervals,
At peace I lie, blown softly by,
A cloud upon this liquid sky.

The day so mild is heaven's own child,
With earth and ocean reconciled;
The airs I feel around me steal
Are murmuring to the murmuring keel.

Over the rail my hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail:
A joy intense, the cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy indolence.

With dreamful eyes my spirit lies
Where summer sings and never dies;
O'er veiled with vines, she glows and shines
Among her future oil and wines.

Her children, hid the cliffs amid,
Are gamboling with the gamboling kid,
Or down the walls, with tipsy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child, with tresses wild,
Unto the smooth, bright sand beguiled,
With glowing lips, sings as she skips,
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

Yon deep bark goes where traffic blows,
From lands of sun to lands of snows;
This happier one its course has run
From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship, to rise and dip,
With the blue crystal at your lip!
O happy crew, my heart with you
Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

No more, no more the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar!
With dreamful eyes, my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

MISCELLANEOUS RECITATIONS

MY LOST YOUTH

Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea ;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me.
And a verse of a Lapland song
Is haunting my memory still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
And catch, in sudden gleams,
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
And islands that were the Hesperides
Of all my boyish dreams.
And the burden of that old song.
It murmurs and whispers still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free ;
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,
And the fort upon the hill;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle, wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Thorbs in my memory still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide!
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me with a thrill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

There are things of which I may not speak:
There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
And a mist before the eye.
And the words of that fatal song
Come over me like a chill:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet
When I visit the dear old town;
But the native air is pure and sweet,
And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
As they balance up and down,
Are singing the beautiful song,
Are sighing and whispering still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,
And with joy that is almost pain
My heart goes back to wander there,
And among the dreams of the days that were,
I find my lost youth again.
And the strange and beautiful song
The groves are repeating it still:
"A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
—*Henry W. Longfellow.*

WISHES AND WORK

Some folks are so lazy! They just wish and wish and worry,—my! I know some people who talk just like these funny little chickens! They have little, wee, tiny voices:—"I wish I had my slate," "I wish I had my lesson." O, but they are funny! But we won't do that way. When the lesson is hard and teacher says it should be gotten, we will just get busy and keep busy until our work is done. People and chickens that whine aren't worth much. They just cry "cheep, cheep, cheep," all the time until everybody knows that's just what they are—cheap!

Said one little chick, with a funny little squirm,
"I wish I could find a nice fat worm."
Said another little chicken, with a queer little shrug,
"I wish I could find a nice fat bug."
Said a third little chick, with a strange little squeal,
"I wish I could find some nice yellow meal."
"Now, look here," said the mother, from the green
garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast, you just get up and
scratch."

JACK FROST

Oh, how the wind blows!
Oh, how the cold grows!
Jack Frost will catch you.
Look out for your toes!
There he has just kissed you—
Kat———chew!!

A QUARREL IN THE OVEN

This is a sad story, but it ends well, particularly for the boy and the girl! It's bad to quarrel, very bad! There is no reason in the world why piecrust and gingerbread should not agree! Let us show how they talked and scolded, and if ever we catch them disputing again, let us put down the quarrel just like the good little boy and the sweet little girl of the poem did. Let us make short work of the piecrust and say a sweet good-bye to the gingerbread!

Oh, the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl,

They had a quarrel one day;
Together they sat on the oven shelf,
The piecrust fay and the gingerbread elf,
And the quarrel commenced this way:

Said the gingerbread boy to the piecrust girl:

"I'll wager my new brown hat
That I'm fatter than you and much more tanned,
Though you're filled with pride till you cannot stand,
But what is the good of that?"

Then the piecrust girl turned her little nose up

In a most provoking way.
"Oh, maybe you're brown, but you're poor as can be;
You do not know lard from a round green pea!
Is there aught that you do know, pray?"

Oh, the gingerbread boy, he laughed loudly with scorn

As he looked at the flaky piecrust.
"Just watch how I rise in the world!" cried he;
"Just see how I'm bound to grow light!" cried she,
"While you stay the color of rust."

So the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl

They each of them swelled with pride,
Till a noise was heard in a room without.
A cry of delight, then a very glad shout,
And the oven was opened wide.

Then the gingerbread boy and the piecrust girl

Could have screamed and wept with pain,
For a rosy-cheeked lass and a small, bright-eyed lad
Took a big bite of each—yes, this tale's very sad—
So they'll now never quarrel again.

THE QUEEN'S GIFT

ROSE H. THORPE

Where English daisies blossom,
And English robins sing,
When all the land was fragrant
Beneath the feet of Spring;
Two little sisters wandered,
Together, hand in hand,
Along the dusty highway,
Their bare feet soiled and tanned.

'Twas not a childish sorrow
That filled their eyes with tears;
Their little hearts were burdened
With grief beyond their years.
The bright-eyed daisies blossomed
In valley and in glen,
The robins sang their sweetest,
Spring smiled—but not for them.

Beneath the trees of Whitehall,
Within their shadows brown,
From out the royal palace
The Queen came walking down.
She saw the children standing,
Together, side by side,
And, gazing down with pity,
She asked them why they cried.

"Dear Lady," said the eldest,
"My little sister Bess
And I have come together
A hundred miles, I guess;
Sometimes the roads were dusty,
And sometimes they were green;
We're very tired and hungry,—
We want to see the Queen.

"For Mother's sick, dear Lady,
She cries 'most all the day;
We hear her telling Jesus,
When she thinks we're out at play.
She tells Him all about it,
How when King James was King,
We were so rich and happy,
And had 'most everything.

We had our own dear father,
At home beside the Thames,
But Father went to battle
Because he loved King James.
And—then, things were so different—
I cannot tell you how,
We have n't any father,
Nor any nice things now.

"Last night our mother told us
They'd take our home away,
And leave us without any,
Because she couldn't pay.
So then, we came together,
Right through the meadows green,
And prayed to God to help us,
And take us to the Queen;

"Because Mama once told us
That, many years ago,
The Queen was James' little girl,
And, Lady, if it was so,
I know she'll let us keep it,—
Our home beside the Thames,—
For we have come to ask her,
And Father loved King James.

"And if we had to leave it,
I'm sure Mama would die,
For there's no place to go to,—
No place but in the sky."

Her simple story finished,
She gazed up in surprise,
To see the lovely lady
With tear-drops in her eyes.

And when the English robins
Had sought each downey nest,
And when the bright-eyed daisies,
Dew-damp, had gone to rest,
A carriage, such as never
Had passed that way before,
Set down two little children
Beside the widow's door.

They brought the weeping mother
A package from the Queen,
Her royal seal was on it,
And folded in between
A slip of paper, saying:
"The daughter of King James
Gives to these little children
Their home beside the Thames."

DAY DREAMS

MARGARET JOHNSON

I measured myself by the wall in the garden;
The holly-hocks blossomed far over my head;
Oh, when I can touch, with the tips of my fingers,
The highest green bud, with its lining of red,

I shall not be a child any more, but a woman;
Dear holly-hock blossoms, how glad I shall be!
I wish they would hurry,—the years that are coming,
And bring the bright days that I dream of to me!

Oh, when I am grown, I shall know all my lessons,—
There's so much to learn when one's only just ten!
I shall be very rich, very handsome and stately,
And good, too,—of course,—'twill be easier then.

There'll be many to love me, and nothing to vex me,
No knots in my sewing; no crusts to my bread.
My days shall go by like the days in a story,—
The sweetest and gladdest that ever was read.

And then I shall come out some day to the garden,
(For this little corner must always be mine;)
I shall wear a white gown all embroidered in silver,
That trails on the grass with a rustle and shine.

And, meeting some child here at play in the sunshine,
With gracious hands laid on her head I shall say,
"I measured myself by these holly-hock blossoms
When I was no taller than you, dear, one day!"

She will smile in my face as I stoop low to kiss her,
And—Hark! they are calling me in to my tea!
O blossoms; I wish that the slow years would hurry!
When, when will they bring all I dream of to me?

THE QUARREL

Now, Willie Johnson, yesterday,
He make a face at me an' say,
He's glad he ain't a little girl,
'Cause he don't have no hair to curl,
An' his face don't have to be clean—
An' so I tell him 'at he's mean,
An' I make faces at him, too,
An' stick my tongue out! Yes, I do!

Nen me an' Willie Johnson fight.
I know 'at girls must be polite
An' never get in fights—but he
Got in the fight; it wasn't me.
An' so I tore'd off Willie's hat,
An' give him just a little pat
Up 'side his face, an' he just cry
An' run home like he's 'fraid he'll die!

So pretty soon his mama, she
Comed to our house—an' looked at me!—
Nen goed right in where mama is—
She tooked 'at tored-up hat o' his.
An' Missus Johnson she just told
My mama lots o' things, an' scold
About me, too—'cause I'm outside
An' hear—the door is open wide.

Nen Willie comed out wif his pup,
An' say "Hullo!" So we maked up,
Nen get to playin' an'mal show—
His pup is a wild li'n, an' so,
W'y, he's a-trainin' it, an' I'm
Th' aujence mos' near all th' time.

An' nen our mamas bofe comed out;
His mama she still scold about
Me slappin' him—an' they bofe say:
"Hereafter keep your child away!"

An' nen they see us playin' there,
An' they bofe say: "Well, I declare!"

THE LITTLE BROWN WREN

A little brown wren, with a little white breast,
Peeped from the door of her little round nest,
And said to her husband: "The wind is from the west,"—
"So I perceive," was the ready reply,
"And there's not a cloud to be seen on the sky,—
I think you had better go out by and by,
And I will keep your eggs warm till you come back."
"Oh, I thank you, my dear," said the little brown wren,
With a chirp of delight, "you're the kindest of men,—
Of course, I adore the dear little things,
But sitting so steadily on eggs
Brings a kind of stiffness to one's wings and legs.
I would like to stretch them since you're so kind,
But I only dislike to leave you behind."
"O, that does not matter. O, no, never mind."

So the good little Mother flew off to the West,
And the Father sat down in her place on the nest,
Delighted to give his wee wifey a rest.
It was rather slow work and he soon fell asleep,
But he awoke with a jump, for he heard a faint "peep,"
And something beneath him began to creep—
Now, there was a crisis. "As sure as the sun,"
The father bird cries, "'tis the hatching begun,
And Mother is gadding, now what's to be done?"
He fluttered about in his fidgety fear,
And he laughed, and he cried, and he whimpered.
"O dear,
What would I not give if that woman was here!"

His sense of relief can't be possibly guessed—
Out of bird language it can't be expressed,—
When he saw her at last flying back from the West.
She, too, when she saw the wonderful sight—
Three little baby birds hatching out all right—
She could not contain her pride and delight;
But she hopped and she jumped, and she cuddled them
well,
And she loved them, how dearly I never can tell.

This, you know, happened early in May—
I chanced to look in the wren's nest today.
And lo! 'twas empty, they had flown away.

"LITTLE BOY BLUE"

The little toy *dog* is covered with *dust*,
But *sturdy* and *staunch* he stands;
And the little toy *soldier* is red with *rust*,
And his musket *moulds* in his hands.
Time was when the little toy dog was *new*,
And the soldier was *passing* fair.
That was the time when our Little Boy Blue,
Kissed them and *put* them there.

"Now, don't you go till I *come*," he said,
"And don't you make any *noise*!"
So toddling off to his *trundle-bed*,
He *dreamt* of the pretty toys.
But as he was *dreaming*, an *angel song*
Awakened our Little Boy Blue!
Oh, the years are *many*—the years are *long*;
But the little toy friends are *true*.

Ay, *faithful* to Little Boy Blue they stand,
Each in the same old *place*,
Awaiting the touch of a little *hand*,
The smile of a little *face*.
And they *wonder*, as waiting the long *years* through,
In the dust of that little chair,
What has become of our Little Boy Blue
Since he *kissed* them and put them there?
—*Eugene Field*.

GRANDMA AT THE MASQUERADE

Yes, Grandma went to the masquerade,
The dear old lady, so prim and staid,
Wouldn't you think she'd have been afraid
To go? In her ancient dress and cap,
With her long silk apron over her lap,
And her bag! (Ha! ha!) You'd have thought she'd
taken a nap
As long as Rip Van Winkle's.

But the children coaxed her, an easy task,
For she'd heard so much of the grand bal masque,
And she wearied them so with the questions she'd ask,
That all agreed she'd better see
For herself this wonderful mystery,
How people from every land can be
Brought together by magic.

So they made her a mask to wear that night;
Though she owned, it shocked her sense of right
To appear 'fore the world in such a plight;

And she thought her features were good and fair.
For her age, as others who might be there,
And if they did know her, why should she care?
But the girls would have their way.

At last the eventful evening came,
And forth to the rendezvous went the dame,
With feelings somewhat akin to shame.
But her pride was flattered when a queen,
With robes as regal as ever were seen,
Bowed graciously. What could it mean,
Her majesty's attention?

Oh, proud of his post, with fiddle in hand,
The jovial leader of the band
"Attention!" calls, then gives command,
"All gents take partners for a reel."
How frolicsome the maskers feel.
How careful lest the voice reveal
What the masker's dress would hide.

Now, so it chanced, and some there knew,
That Grandma in her youth danced, too,
And all "ye olden steps" she knew,
And danced them well, with many an art
And when she heard the music sweet,
She tried in vain to keep her seat,
While eagerly her restless feet
The merry dancing time would mark.

A youth, supposing her some maid
In mask disguised, the scheme to aid,
Knelt at her feet with great parade.
Her hand he seized and madly kissed,
And smote his chest with tragic fist,
"O dear! My sakes! what ails your chist?"
Cried Grandma frantically.

Then from her bag her "camphire" drew,
And peppermint and sweet flags flew,
Until at last the youth came to,

And thanked her with a grateful glance.
Then blessing her for the aid she'd given,
And for the zeal with which she'd striven
His life to save, "'Twould be bliss from heaven,"
He said, "with her to have a dance."

Kind-hearted Grandma, 'most fourscore,
Forgot she was old and danced as of yore.
When the fiddler called her the best on the floor,
She swept him a courtesy, deep and low;
But ever there came in her faded eyes
A look of innocent surprise,
When someone would whisper a surmise
That "she was Miss So and So."

But the merriest time, the best of all,
Was when the master of the ball
The order shouted, "Masks now fall!"
'Mid jolly laughter, full of glee,
Each curious masker rushed to see
What maiden that old dame might be!
"My sakes, 'tain't nobody but me!"
Said honest Grandma modestly.





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